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AMONG THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES.—SCENE AT THE END OF A "CARRY" ON LAKE PARMACHENEE—A FISHING CAMP.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 378.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1888.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

NO reasonable man believes in the formation of an "American party" based upon the principles of Know-nothingism, but no reasonable man can deny the spread of the idea that Americanism in a broad sense must be recognized and maintained. For the past two years the feeling has steadily increased that we have held the privileges of citizenship too lightly, and that we have been unjust to ourselves and to our institutions in opening our doors to the human rubbish of Europe. To-day we believe that most of our best thinkers are agreed that such restrictions upon immigration as we have must be made more stringent. Moreover—and this is our special point—there is a strong feeling that foreign ideas and practices have been permitted to acquire too much influence in the conduct of our civic affairs. If St. Louis is an American city, its citizens ought not to be called upon to provide for German instruction in the public schools. In Chicago, the Board of Education has been farmed out to various nationalities. In a membership of fifteen there are seven naturalized foreigners, two native aliens and six native Americans. Thus the foreign influence has been able to perpetuate the study of German in Chicago schools, contrary, as it is said, to the popular wish. At a recent school commencement a graduate read an essay upon "Our Country's Perils," in which he referred to the dangers of unrestricted immigration. A foreign citizen, recently appointed on the Board of Education, took advantage of his position to make a shameful and wholly unwarranted attack upon the sentiments of this essay, denouncing them as pernicious, and declaring himself to be prouder of his foreign birth than of his American citizenship. The Chicago journal *America* very properly denounces this "outburst of alien anger" as an outrage upon all the proprieties of the occasion, and declares emphatically against alien influences in our schools—poisoning the very fountainhead of citizenship. We believe that the American people will insist that American citizenship shall be honored in our schools. Moreover, they will insist that these schools shall be non-sectarian. It was some forty years ago that the first attempt was made in New York to secure appropriations of public money for Roman Catholic parochial schools. In the time of Tweed this attempt practically succeeded for a few years, and the result was serious injury to the public-school system. It is perfectly apparent that this system, so essentially American, cannot exist if sectarianism is introduced. Some general form of recognition of the Divine power is necessary, but such religious services as are held can surely be wholly devoid of sectarian bias.

Another delicate question has recently aroused a bitter controversy in Boston, and the strong American feeling which seems so near the surface nowadays has been strikingly exhibited. The School Board removed a teacher in the English High School, and forbade the use of Swinton's "Outline of the World's History," because the book contained, and the teacher taught, a passage commenting upon abuses in the sale of indulgences by Tetzel and other priests in the sixteenth century. This action of the School Board caused great excitement, culminating in a mass meeting where more violent language was used than was wholly justifiable. It does not appear that the action of the Board was justifiable, judged by a higher standard than that of sectarianism. They went altogether too far, and deserved censure. Moreover, it is asking too much to insist that the facts of history shall be suppressed or altered out of deference to a particular sect. All sects have been guilty of misdeeds in the past at least, and a frank statement of the facts of history harms no one. On the other side, more tact and forbearance would seem to have been needed. It is most unfortunate that religious strife should have been caused, but there is great significance in the prompt uprising against an attempt to gain a sectarian point, and there was great significance in the vigorous American sentiments expressed in speeches and by the Press.

IMPOSITIONS ON POLITICAL CANDIDATES.

OUT of the intensely democratic feeling which pervades American life there have grown many abuses of the idea that the rulers chosen by the people belong to the people, and must hold themselves entirely at the service of every comer. Our reaction against monarchical exclusiveness has carried us to the other extreme. Reserve and retirement are almost entirely denied to our high officials. Not only State buildings, but residences, are invaded by the public, and in the case of official residences like the White House, and the Governor's House at Albany, any attempt to exclude the public would probably end the political career of the occupant. In these cases there may be some excuse, although there is certainly none for the curiosity which seeks to invade private apartments. There is not much reason in the absurd public receptions at the White House, with the perfunctory and utterly meaningless handshaking; yet perhaps

this is a necessity. But there is certainly no excuse for a pressure of curious and selfish interest which leaves a public officer no time for quiet and privacy, and involves an incessant drain upon every faculty. We remember how the strain told upon Lincoln.

The evils of this pressure are illustrated at present in the changed conditions of General Harrison's life. A few weeks ago he had the rights of any private citizen, and his home was his castle. With his nomination everything was changed. Deputations, committees, interviewers, politicians, office-seekers—all manner of intruders—assailed him by day and by night. Not a corner of his home was sacred. Not an hour remained which he could call his own. Now, there is such a thing as a reasonable curiosity regarding a nominee for the Presidency, and it is proper that this should be gratified. There are political duties which it is proper and necessary for him to discharge. But even a candidate for the Presidency has rights which the public should respect; and if the politicians have deemed him the best man to be selected for a great office, they should deem him too good a man to be sacrificed to the detail and drudgery of incessant political labors. It is pitiful to read that the Republican candidate for the Presidency was last week made seriously ill by the strain which has been put upon him. It is criminal for every chance comer to worry the candidate of a great party, and for the work of a political manager to be imposed upon him. This is not a mere question of dignity—it is a matter of decency and common sense; and even if the rights of private life are to be denied to a candidate, yet, as a measure of practical common sense, his health should receive some consideration from his so-called friends.

THE PURITY OF THE BALLOT.

IT is perfectly clear that without honestly conducted elections a republican government cannot long endure. The ballot-box is the foundation of the pillar upon which the whole fabric of free government rests. It was eminently fitting and proper, therefore, that the Republican Convention at Chicago should begin its declaration of principles by affirming its devotion "especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign-born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted." The Republicans further demand "effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority;" and they closed their well-worded resolution with this startling arraignment:

"We charge that the present Administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the Constitution and laws of the United States."

If the laws and a vital amendment to the Constitution are being nullified and trampled upon by any party in power in the nation, or in a State, without any steps being taken by that party to put an end to this interference with the exercise of this most sacred of human rights, then that party is manifestly unfit to remain longer in power. Yet, the Democratic party, in their national platform of 1884, declared: "The right to a free ballot is the right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States." What legislation has been recommended by a Democratic executive or enacted by Congress to maintain the right preservative of all rights? It must be admitted as a matter of historical fact that in States under Republican control this right has been fully enjoyed by all. We hear no complaint from Vermont, Massachusetts or Pennsylvania that Democratic or other voters are deprived of their rights at the ballot-box, or that they have not had the votes they cast duly counted. But we do hear, at each recurring election, in States under Democratic control, that colored and other voters have not only been kept away from the ballot-box through intimidation and violence, but that their votes, when duly deposited, have been either destroyed or falsely or fraudulently counted. Moreover, these charges, as to some localities, have been clearly established; indeed, the fraud has been admitted by the perpetrators. We speak in no partisan spirit when we say that men of whatever party who encourage or defend outrages of this sort upon the purity of the ballot-box are utterly unworthy of confidence or respect. And it is gratifying to know that the better class of Democrats, both of the South and the North, are tiring of the domination of political bulldozers, and will not much longer consent that honest votes shall be anywhere suppressed in the interest of any party. By all means let the issue of honest elections be forced to the front everywhere. So long as any American citizens are denied the right of suffrage in any State, just so long must good citizens cry aloud and cease not until such gross and flagrant wrongs are righted. This suffrage question exceeds all others in importance when confessed fraud decides the control of a continent. Without honest voting, nothing can be honest in political affairs.

THE NEW NAVY.

IT is possible that this country may presently rejoice in the possession of a navy that shall at least be entitled to respectable notice by the principal naval powers of Europe. In addition to vessels already ordered, the pending Naval Appropriation Bill contemplates the con-

struction of four war-ships, one to be armored and the others unarmored; the former is to be of 7,500 tons displacement, and is to have a speed of seventeen knots an hour; two of the others, of 3,000 tons each, nineteen knots; and the third, of 5,300 tons, is to be guaranteed to make twenty knots an hour. There is no reason why the high rates of speed stipulated for in the specifications should not be attained by the vessels about to be built. Great Britain has five armored vessels that can make eighteen knots an hour. Unarmored, with equal motive power, the same vessels could probably steam twenty knots.

Of vessels already authorized, the cruiser *Charleston*, built at San Francisco, was launched Thursday of last week, and about the latter part of August the *Baltimore* is to be launched from Cramps' Works at Philadelphia. The *Petrel*, a gunboat in course of construction at Baltimore, is expected to be ready for launching about August 1st.

THE CURSE OF OVERWORK.

WE have heard a great deal about the nervous wear and tear of American life, and every one is familiar with the warning that we are living too fast and must pay a serious penalty. Yet we continue to "go the pace," and the visiting foreigner continues to hold up his hands in amazement at the breathless rapidity of American life. Scientists lay the blame largely to our dry, bracing atmosphere, illustrating their theses by the more powerful effects of alcohol here than in England. Sociologists talk of our material conditions, of the development of a new country, and the necessity of confronting pressing material problems which stimulates the race for fortune—a race offering such free competition and so many immense prizes not restricted by class or caste, that participation is almost unavoidable. Although every American is "as good as" any other, yet every American is stimulated by a burning desire to show himself a little better—to win special success in his chosen field. The result is a hand-to-hand competition, fiercer, probably, than in any other country in the world. Americans have not yet learned how to rest, and the effect is noted as men drop out exhausted from the professions or from business while yet in the prime of life. Often this attracts no attention. But we have recently had some concrete illustrations of the evils of the terrible tension of American life in certain phases which ought not to pass unnoticed.

These are examples of self-abuse in a field of work where excess is peculiarly characteristic of Americans. This country, with its great natural opportunities, and its sudden changes and developments, offers peculiar invitations to speculation, and the colossal fortunes made within the last twenty years are ever before the eyes of men as a stimulus. There is speculation everywhere; but Americans have been called, not without reason, a nation of speculators. New York and Chicago are the centres, and in intensity the hot, feverish life of their exchanges is not equaled in the Bourses of Paris, Berlin or Vienna, or the Stock Exchange of London. Now and then fortunes collapse, and the public wonder; but of the men who fall exhausted in the race the public as a rule hears little. Yet it is worth while to consider the moral of three recent cases. In Chicago a wealthy speculator began to show signs of excessive mental strain. All his thoughts, dreams and speech were of the market. His actions became strange; he made wild offers in the Exchange; he threw away his money in disastrous ventures; and finally the truth was discovered—"insane from overwork." Here in New York, not long since, we were told that even Jay Gould was obliged to seek rest upon his yacht in order to avert the consequences of mental overexertion and sleeplessness. Within the fortnight two members of the Stock Exchange have fallen out of the ranks. Of one of them, now in an insane asylum, his brother said, "He has overworked himself. The physicians call it a form of brain-paralysis, accompanied by emotional insanity and occasional paroxysms. He knew that he was overtaxing himself, yet he persisted in coming to business. It was a case of an unintentional course towards insanity or suicide." Of the other broker, his physician says, "It was a case of overwork and consequent nervous prostration." Yet this man was already a millionaire.

It is surely not necessary to insist upon the moral of such a breaking-down of men in the prime of life. Such practical warnings should have some effect, yet it will be a long time before the lesson is learned. And it will be a long time, too, before Americans learn to understand the evil influence of the present system of speculation. It is gambling, and nothing else, in which lives are often staked and lost.

"THE WHITE PASHA."

THE truth of the statement purporting to emanate from the British Foreign Office that the Government has positive information that the White Pasha reported to be in the Upper Nile Basin or in the provinces bordering the Bahr-el Ghazel is Stanley, with his expeditionary force, is not at all improbable. On the contrary, it is just what that daring and original explorer might be expected to do, for Mr. Stanley, in his journeyings in Africa, covering twenty-one years in all, has never seen the Nile, save when he visited Egypt in 1888 as an accredited correspondent to record the festivities attending the opening of the Suez Canal; and as a matter of fact, Livingstone, during his forty years of African adventure, never touched the waters of that great stream whose sources he spent a lifetime in the endeavor to determine absolutely. The pride of the discoverer, always strong with Stanley, would naturally impel him to fill out the vast work of his remarkable explorations in the Equatorial Continent, for the sources of all the great African rivers lie on a restricted tableland in the region of the great lakes first visited by Speke, Grant, Burton, Livingstone, Cameron, Baker and Stanley, precisely as all of the majestic streams of the United States flowing into the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific Ocean find their natural source within an area of ten square miles in the Yellowstone Park.

And there are no great physical difficulties in the Monbooto Country, which he would be obliged to traverse to reach the White Nile, which is simply the English for Bahr-el-Ghazel. The slave-traders leaving Khartoum have, for forty years, maintained fortified stations in this country, and it was with them that the German traveler Schweinfurth first scientifically explored this region. It would be in crossing the water-shed dividing the valleys of the Congo and the Nile that Stanley would be able to perform an inestimable service to geographical science in determining to which water-shed belong the disputed affluents, their flow, trend and possibilities for navigation. About this we are at present all in the dark, and surely Stanley, having reached the point where he was last reported, is not the man to return through the misadventure

jungles of the Upper and Lower Congo in midsummer, while with suitable alliances with the slave-traders in the Monbooto Country he could go down the White Nile to Khartoum, thence further north to Berber and across the desert to the Red Sea, or else across the Nubian waste to Assouan, and thence to Cairo, to receive a well-merited welcome.

But there is still another alternative. There are steamers both on the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, and missionary stations on the adjacent streams, and Stanley well knows this country, having fought over it inch by inch, and it is not impossible that he may make his exit by way of Zanzibar and the Indian Ocean if he should find the Soudan in too turbulent a condition for his force. Travelers in that country, and who know Stanley personally well, have never believed that the chief aim of his expedition was the relief of Emin Pasha—that is, his own aim; for, when in the field, he recognizes no one but himself. But now it is asserted that the real effort of the British Government was the rescue of Lupton Bey, Slatin Bey, Neufeld, a German, and several other Europeans in Khartoum whose sufferings were made known to the Foreign Office before Stanley was dispatched to Africa.

Among some of the preposterous statements that have been published in this country is one to the effect that "The White Pasha" is O'Donovan, the *Daily News* correspondent, the Merv traveler, who was killed at the time of the famous onslaught on the British square near Kordofan. There is not a shred of evidence that such could be the fact, any more than that Gordon is still flourishing as a king in the equatorial jungles.

PRISON LABOR.

THE National Prison Association which recently met in Boston, adopted a resolution of the highest importance. It runs thus:

"Resolved, That, in the judgment of this Association, productive prison labor is an indispensable factor in the work of prison reform, and that any scheme which has a tendency, direct or indirect, to promote or permit the idleness or the unproductive labor of prisoners, will inflict irreparable injury upon the prisoners, the workingman and the State."

The utterances of this Association are by no means to be passed over as insignificant. This is no assemblage of sentimentalists, but a body of practical workers and earnest students who are not at all afraid of severe measures when severe measures are proved to be the best. The Massachusetts habitual criminal law, by which all criminals who have served two terms of three years or more are committed for life on the third offense, whatever may be its nature, was mainly the work of this Association, and so are the steps now taken or contemplated in several States and in the District of Columbia to secure an indeterminate sentence for habitual misdemeanants. Since its formation in 1870 this Society has done more to influence legislation and to bring about reforms in penology than has been done by any other agency, and its operations must deservedly challenge attention.

The popular opinion of the disastrous effect of convict labor upon trade is the merest moonshine. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, in his report of a year ago, says that the products of labor thus brought into the market amount to only one-fifth of one per cent. of the whole. In view of this fact, which is indisputable, it is evident that the recent attempts at legislation against prison labor, both State and national, have been no more in the interest of the laboring class than in that of the producer or the Government, but have been simply and solely in the interest of a few manufacturers. So far as the interests of labor are concerned, it is not of the slightest importance whether the contract system, the State account plan or entire idleness be the rule in prisons: the laboring man is affected by this question only when it comes to taxing him for the support of the convict class.

As to the prisoner, however, the case is widely different, and the kind of labor he shall perform, and the system under which he shall work, are of vital importance. Mr. Wright, who has given to the subject years of careful study, argues strongly, in a recently published pamphlet, for the abolition of all steam and other power in penitentiaries, and the substitution of hand-labor in every case, with the necessary result of abandoning all idea of making prisons self-supporting, and of considering labor solely with reference to the reformation of the prisoner. To this end, hand-work seems to him the best adapted: not the whittling of shoe-pegs or of tooth-picks, or any other merely penal employment, but such work as will develop the prisoner's faculties and fit him to lead an honest life after his discharge.

Dr. Felix Adler, in an able address before the Conference of Charities, two weeks ago, showed that the tendency to crime came from a weakness of the will arising from an inability for consecutive and complex thinking; and argued that manual training, which requires thinking of this sort, was the best method of so cultivating the intellect as to strengthen the weak will. It is a mistake to consider the criminal as one who has deliberately fallen from a higher to a lower moral grade; he is not, more than other men, a fallen being; he is simply an undeveloped one. What he needs while in prison is to have his faculties developed, his will strengthened and his hands trained.

So much for the reformatory view of the question. Now as to its financial aspect.

It is not quite proven that the discontinuance of all machinery is not an extreme and unnecessary measure. It is an element in the reformatory influence of labor that it should be productive, and that the prisoner should know it to be such. The general opinion of the Prison Association was that the labor of the prisoner ought to be remunerative, as well as of such a nature as to fit the prisoner for self-support when discharged, and that the two were not incompatible. It is but justice to the tax-payer that the prisoner should contribute to the cost of his own maintenance, subject only to the higher consideration of his reformation. The great point in reformation is to cultivate a sense of manhood, a feeling of self-respect. The consciousness that to some degree at least he is already self-supporting would contribute much to this end.

THE NEW KAISER.

YOUNG William II. moves along with his new broom, and wants to sweep clean, according to the lesson he has doubtless well learned from his master, Bismarck. Therefore, he has gone to St. Petersburg to meet his kinsman, Alexander III., an event which has aroused the curiosity and concern of all Europe. Yet it may be well to say that these meetings of sovereigns portend little. European alliances, offensive or defensive, are not made in the glare of sunlight and in the presence of the populace, and such imperial rendezvous are rather stately courtesies made to humbug the people and satisfy dynastic vanity. The young Kaiser, moreover, has shown, since the death of the great and good Frederick, his father, a singular love of pomp and ceremony. In pursuit of this vanity, he has all but insulted his widowed mother; he has issued pompous proclamations to the army and navy; and while the ter-

was yet green on his grandfather's and father's grave, he has given at Potsdam one of the most elaborate banquets ever known in the history of the Teutonic race. While all of this may not evince a bad personal quality for a sovereign, it is certainly not in keeping with the traditions of the princes of the House of Hohenzollern. Moreover, youth may excuse the fever of a newly made Emperor of the most powerful people on the European Continent; but one cannot help contrasting the William of to-day with the two generations of sovereigns who preceded him.

Whatever may be the result of his stately visit up the Baltic to the mouth of the Neva, so far as a happy understanding with the Czar may be concerned, this journey of William can in no way change the political attitude of the Powers in Europe. Kings no longer control popular sentiment. Russia, without parliamentary forms, and the last example of a semi-civilized race under paternal government, would no more dare to enter upon a gigantic military campaign at the fiat of the Czar and against the wishes of the people than Grover Cleveland would in his own quality as President venture upon the conquest of a foreign State. Hence all of the talk about the gravity of the marine pageant up the Baltic is sheer nonsense. Peace or war in Europe is not made by processional performances, but in the Cabinet, by secret agencies, by a repugnant class of detective statesmen, and more than all, by greedy bankers and contractors, as their appetites may go.

The young Kaiser has doubtless remembered the dying injunction of his grandfather to be friendly with Russia, and state reasons, if not personal inclination, will send him on similar missions to Vienna and Rome; and in the meantime it should not be forgotten that France is no inconsiderable factor in the family of European States.

GOVERNOR HILL has made another bid for the "labor vote." At the request of certain representatives of the labor organizations, he last week sent a message to the Legislature, convened in special session, recommending the passage of an Act so amending the conspiracy laws as practically to remove all the restraints now imposed upon boycotting and intimidation. It is simply amazing that the Executive of a great State should thus commit himself to the approval of criminal conspiracies against the rights of individuals and the interest of public order.

THE debate on the Mills Tariff Bill was ended on Friday last. In the shape in which it was reported to the House from the Committee of the Whole, it bears no resemblance in many respects to the measure originally proposed, having been so doctored and tinkered, in obedience to party exigencies in one locality and another, as to be "a mere thing of shreds and patches." This page is closed before the final vote is taken, but it seems to be conceded that the Bill will pass by a slender majority. In the Senate a Bill is being framed by the Republicans which will be presented as a substitute for that constructed by the Democrats of the House.

WE have recently published various statistics showing the decline of the Knights of Labor. The last report of the Order, up to July 1st, is even more significant of the progress of disintegration. On that date the membership was 348,672. On July 1st, 1886, the membership was 729,077. One year later there was a falling off to 548,239. The last report, it will be noted, shows a falling off of nearly fifty per cent. in two years. Moreover, the number of members in bad standing has nearly tripled. This seems to indicate that American workmen are too intelligent to be slaves, and too fair-minded and far-sighted to continue long in an attempt to play the rôle of tyrant.

THE energetic Claus Spreckels declared the other day, before a House Committee, that he had been making money for himself all these years, and now proposed to work for the people, which is, of course, a particularly noble sentiment. Just now we are hearing that Spreckels has bought up all the raw sugar in sight, and opinions appear to be divided as to whether this was done to thwart the Sugar Trust or to make a big corner in sugar. Spreckels himself declares, with his hand upon his heart, that he will fight the Trust to the bitter end, and he points to his preparations for the erection of refineries in the East. It must be said that his past career hardly encourages confidence in his new appearance as an enemy of monopoly. The suspicious suggest that Spreckels is fighting the Trust in order to obtain better terms in a final combination. But perhaps he really proposes to play his hand alone. If he brings the price of sugar down, much will be forgiven. If he actually beats the powerful Trust, he deserves to be called a benefactor of the public.

GREAT dissatisfaction has been expressed by visitors to the New park on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls because of the imposition of a charge of ten cents for the admission of pedestrians and fifty cents for carriages. That such a charge is somewhat in the nature of a swindle is evident from the fact that the Act of the Ontario Legislature of 1885 stipulates that "the general park grounds shall be open and free to the public without charge." In 1887, when a Bill, providing for the laying out and management of the park was introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, it was distinctly stated that the park would be perfectly free. After the opening of the park, the Falls became more popular than before as a place for excursion parties from various parts of Canada. When it was discovered, however, that a charge for admission was exacted, complaints became general, until now the most influential newspapers in Canada are demanding that these charges be abolished. All that an expenditure of money could do has been done to render the Canadian side of the Falls attractive; but if the Government of Ontario does not desire the public to think this expenditure a business speculation, it will make the park free to the world, as it is on the American side.

IS NOT Mr. Cleveland a poseur? Let us see. In the parlance of the day, there are 60,000 Federal office-holders, and of these, nearly 50,000 have been ejected from the exercise of their functions during the present Administration, for purely partisan purposes. And yet, in the report of the Civil-service Commission covering a period of four years, and transmitted to Congress through the hands of the President, we have this grandiloquent passage: "The patronage system is utterly at variance with the genius and spirit of our institutions, which will protest against the surrender to any party of the interests of the nation, and refuse to consent that this Government shall ever become what the patronage system developed into full fruition would make it, a government of the officeholders, by office-givers, for office-seekers." How can any clear mind fail to see in this sentence an arraignment of the President, who appointed the very men signing this report, when it is considered that over two-thirds of all Federal beneficiaries have been made by Executive fiat to "surrender to party the interests of the nation"? No doubt Mr. Cleveland, in this political metamorphosis, has acted

with uncommon shrewdness and with a plausible irresponsibility, but the facts, integers and footprints are there, and he must face the issue when it is made. All this, of course, in no way impugns the desirability of Civil-service Reform in its closest application and widest extension. Nearly all civilized States are now concerned in a study of the same problem, and even China and Japan have their own political students at work to revise the internal machinery of their respective kingdoms. But this subject must not be approached in a narrow or hypocritical way, with reference to the perpetuation of party power or the partisan advantage of any one man, or to coddle a faction with nameless political proclivities like the Mugwumps.

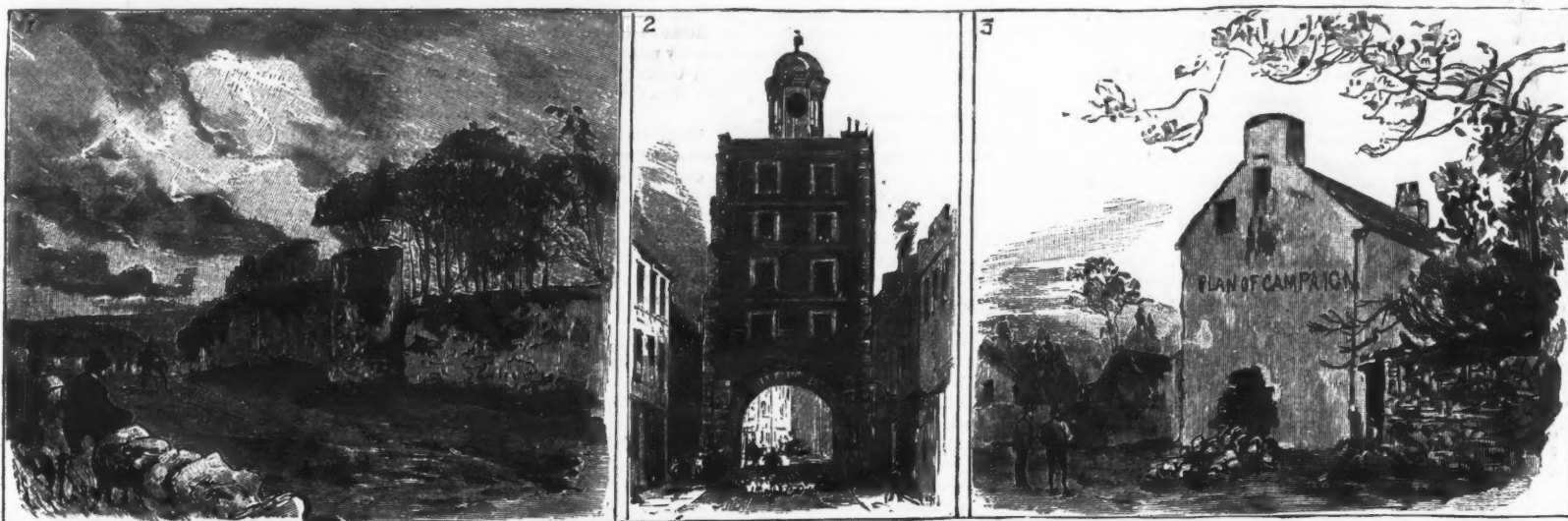
On the 18th of July the British Government resorted once more to its persuasive method of securing order and respect for law among the wild Irish by sending a detachment of what Macaulay calls "that great and renowned army" to expel from their homes 114 families, comprising about 1,000 persons, tenants on the Vandeleur estate in West Clare. There was a difference of opinion between the landlord and his tenants as to the percentage of reduction that should be made in the claim for arrears of rent; not a very serious difference, for the landlord offered to cancel the arrears to March, 1886, for one full year's rent with 32 per cent. off; while the tenants asked for the wiping out of arrears to March, 1887, with reduction of 20 per cent. on judicial and 35 per cent. on non-judicial rents. It seems as if a compromise might have been brought about by a little management and patience, when the two parties were already within hailing distance of each other. A compromise, however, at such a time, would hardly have served the purpose of the Government, engaged just now in the worthy enterprise of attempting to blacken Mr. Parnell's character in order to do the greatest possible injury to the Irish cause. An eviction on a large scale will be one more proof laid before the Tory squires of the lawless and intractable nature of the Irish, who will not pay their just dues until dragooned into submission. Cable dispatches state that the tenants are aided by almost the entire population in resisting the officers engaged in the eviction service, which is, of course, precisely what the authorities expected and desired.

WHATEVER ambiguity Irish patriots, devoted to their Church and to their country, may have attributed to the recent Papal decree condemning the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, they cannot remain in any doubt as to the purport of the encyclical letter recently issued by His Holiness. This letter was read on Sunday week last in all the Catholic churches in the Diocese of Dublin. In it the Pope says that he has heard with regret that dangerous opinions regarding the decree had been uttered, its authority questioned, and an *ex-parte* character attributed to it. He emphatically declares that he acted upon the fullest information, and after reiterating his affection for the Irish people, he concludes by an unqualified condemnation of the Plan of Campaign and the whole system of boycotting. Accompanying the Pope's letter was one from Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, in which, with apparent regret, he refers to the agitation as now ended under the resolution recently adopted by the bishops. It goes without saying that the promulgation of the Papal letter has created an intense feeling of dissatisfaction not only in Ireland, but in the United States as well. In Ireland some of the people left the churches while the letter was being read, and in this country its reception seems rather to increase than diminish the contributions to the funds of the promoters of Home Rule. Prominent Irishmen here, when expressing an opinion, generally condemn Papal interference in the affairs of Ireland, and are sanguine that the encyclical letter will fall largely of its object in suppressing agitation and in greatly injuring the cause of Home Rule.

It is almost like a piece of ancient history to recall the anarchist outbreak and murders at the Haymarket in Chicago, and the vindication of the law that followed, after long deliberation and fair trial. Quiet citizens throughout the land might well have come to the conclusion that the lesson had been duly pondered by the survivors. Americans like to believe that most of the crimes against social order are the work of men who are misguided or imperfectly informed rather than positively wicked; and it is with a shock of surprise that the public hears of long-continued plottings and murderous schemes planned and almost carried into effect but yesterday in Chicago. The Judge and the Police Inspector who were chiefly instrumental in saving the city from destruction by Spies and Libggs and their comrades appear to have been marked out for vengeance, and only the vigilance of the authorities has prevented a deplorable catastrophe. Inspector Bonfield had known for two months that something evil was afoot, and on the 16th of July he arrested three men, all Bohemians, and members of an association at whose headquarters were found and seized bombs and cartridges and a quantity of explosives. It is reported that a widespread organization has in view the general destruction of Chicago; but Inspector Bonfield, who must be supposed to know something of the matter, treats it as the feeble effort of a few desperate men. Whichever view is correct, it is manifest that there is call for vigilance. A few desperadoes are capable of mischief that could not be atoned for by the taking of their wretched lives; and it is well to know that the authorities are fully awake to the sense of their responsibility.

THE course of the English Government in the matter of the inquiry into the authenticity of the letters published by the *Times* is worthy of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. Forced, as it was by Mr. Parnell's direct and vigorous assertion of his rights, into taking some action, it has done just as little as it could, and that little in the most roundabout way. Instead of a Parliamentary inquiry by men with no other interest in view than to get at the truth and to make that known in the shortest possible time, it is proposed by this upright Government that Mr. Parnell shall accept, without knowing their names, three Judges appointed by the Government itself, and give himself up in this way blindfolded to the blindfold British justice. That the Irish leader, whose calmness and self-command are proverbial, should have been stirred to wrath by this proposition, was without doubt part of the Government plan. It succeeded, and the Government organs have not ceased to ring the changes on the truth so keenly and bitterly stated by Mr. Parnell, that he was called on to accept as a sheep the judgment of a jury of butchers. The sting of the remark is in its truth. Had it been merely potulant, the tough British conscience would not have felt it; but even the most stolid Tory in the clubs knows that the commission is expected to make the facts agree with a foregone conclusion. This is the plain meaning of all the delays and circumlocutions that mark the English dealings with the Irish question. Irishmen are to be put off and frustrated in the hope that the occasion will present itself for putting them in the wrong. No man knows this better than Mr. Parnell; and, fortunately for the Irish cause, no man knows better than he how to meet tergiversation and double-dealing with firmness and with steadiness. And these qualities will yet give the victory to those for whom he stands.

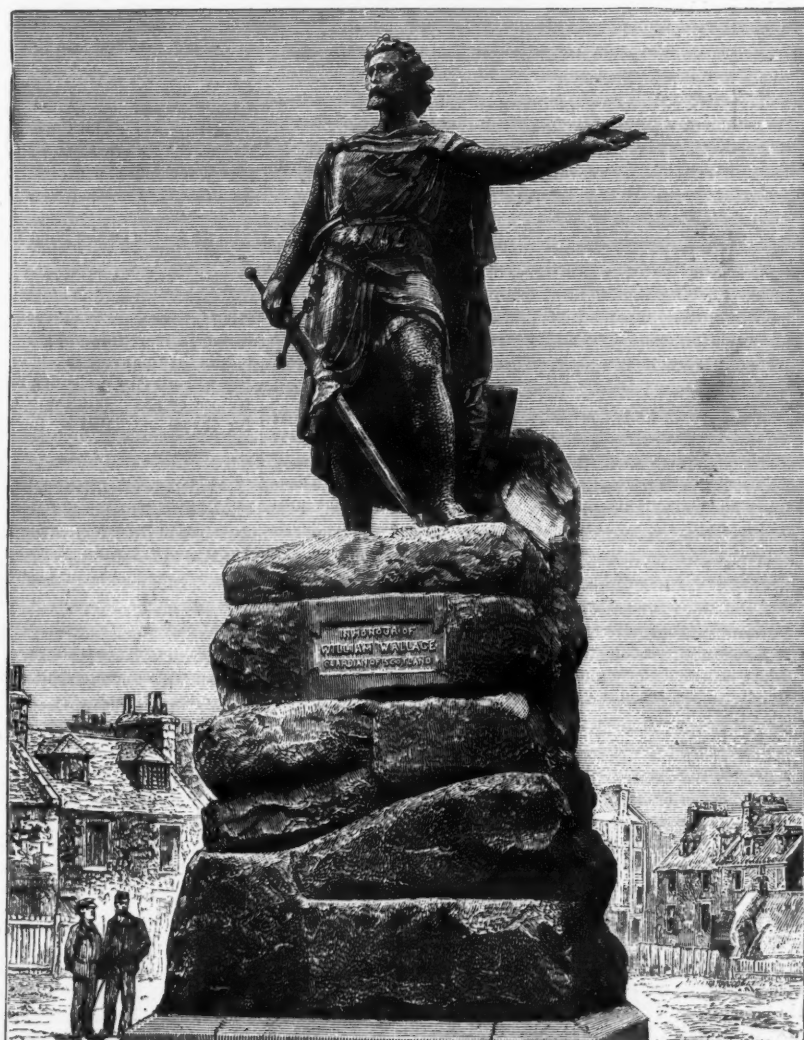
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 378.



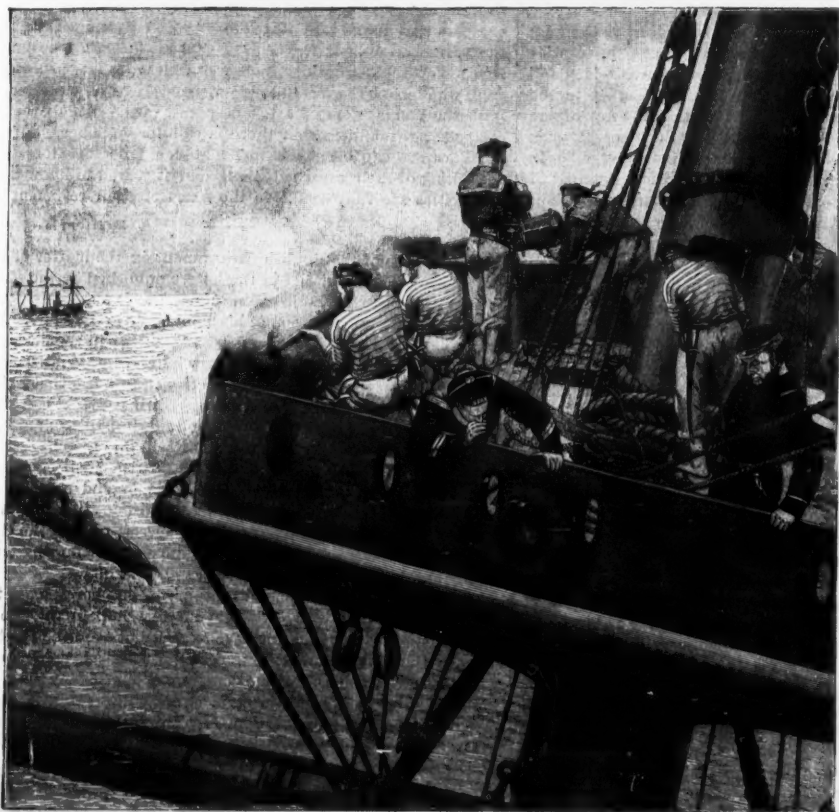
1. Old Town Walls, Youghal. 2. Clock Gate, Youghal. 3. Maurice Doyle's House, Showing Breach Made by Evicting Party.
IRELAND.—SCENES ON THE PONSONBY ESTATE, COUNTY CORK, WHERE "THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN" WAS INITIATED.



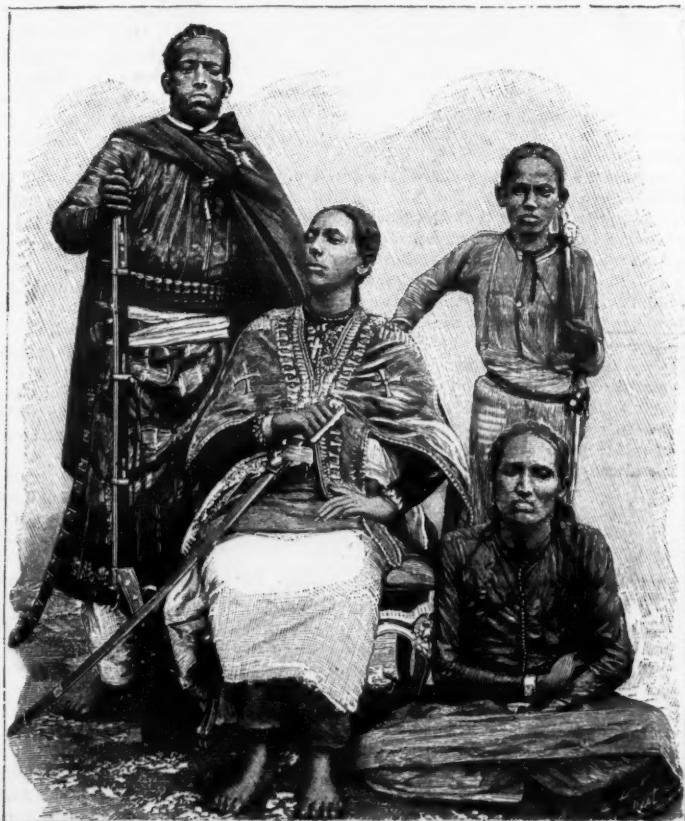
GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OPENING THE REICHSTAG.



SCOTLAND.—MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, AT ABERDEEN.



FRANCE.—THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—IN THE MAIN-TOP OF AN ARMORCLAD CRUISER.



ABYSSINIA.—THE RAS AREA-BELASSIE, SON OF KING JOHN, AND HEIR-APPARENT.

DEDICATION OF THE LICK MONUMENT TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE noble monument which, through the generosity of James Lick, has been reared in San Francisco's principal park, to the memory of the author of our national hymn, "The Star-spangled Banner," was described and illustrated in these columns at the time of the arrival of its parts from Italy, some months ago. The completed monument, with its statue, was unveiled at the Golden Gate metropolis on the Fourth of July, with solemn ceremonies, in conjunction with the general celebration of the day. After a grand parade, president and officers of the day, poet, orator and others who were to participate at the ceremony, repaired to Golden Gate Park. Thousands of citizens flocked thither, taxing to the utmost the capacity of the railroad lines converging at that point. At one o'clock a salute of one hundred guns was fired as a preliminary to the opening of the exercises. President Hammond, of the Park Commissioners, then made a speech, in which he spoke of the pleasure it gave him to welcome the large number of people. General Barnes formally presented the statue to the park authorities. He reviewed the history of Lick's life, and spoke of the number of magnificent gifts he had made, etc. Mayor Pond then, in an eloquent speech, formally accepted the monument. Great-grandchildren of Key were introduced to the crowd, and several more speeches were made. San Francisco may be envied the possession of a patriotic monument at once noble and unique.

PIONEER NAVIGATION OF THE OHIO.

THE Ohio does not enjoy a very good reputation as a navigable river, being—if we make due allowance for the exaggeration of John Randolph's well-known characterization—"frozen during half the year, and dry the other half." But, taking its course through the region that it does, it could not escape being a great waterway, from the earliest days of the white man's settlement in the West. The picture on this page, copied from an old print, shows with what manner of craft the hardy pioneers of a hundred years ago descended the stream, and guarded against the dangers from shoals, or floating ice, or turbulent and sudden freshets. The river commerce of those days was carried on by means of flat-bottomed barges, or *barques*, as they were called in the vernacular. They were about 100 feet long, with 20 feet beam, and a capacity of from 60 to 100 tons. The barge was covered forward, where the freight was stowed, while towards the stern was the low-roofed cabin which served as living-room for the voyagers. On the roof of this cabin was perched the pilot's coop—and the office of pilot on the Ohio was never a sinecure. Sometimes a more ambitious barge was provided with one or two masts, a large, square



SAN FRANCISCO.—UNVEILING OF THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT IN THE GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4TH.
PHOTO. BY TABER.

sail forward helping along not a little, when the wind was fair. There were enough hostile Indians along the wooded banks to make the trip exciting; and more than once a traveler who went ashore in chase of a bear was enticed into a fatal ambush by a cunning redskin disguised in Bruin's hide.

BOSTON'S "LITTLE WANDERERS."

ONE of Boston's pet charities is the institution known for nearly a quarter of a century past as the "Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers." Last year, however, the Board of Managers vacated the old brick church building in Baldwin Place for the present location of the Home, be-

tween West Newton and Rutland Streets, adjoining the Union Church building on Columbus Avenue.

The Home was dedicated and incorporated in 1865, and every year cares for nearly 300 children, taken mostly, though not exclusively, from the New England States. It is neither sectional nor sectarian. Six different religious denominations are represented in the Board of Management, and children have been taken from fifteen States. During the past twenty-three years it has provided with homes and cared for 6,000 poor, orphaned and destitute "little wanderers," without regard to age, sex, color or religious parentage. Children of any age, except babes whose mothers are living,

and unless diseased in body or mind, are taken in, trained and cared for, and finally placed with families either for legal adoption or where they will enjoy all the privileges of a son or daughter in a good home. Children of worthy mothers who are ill and unable to care for them are also temporarily taken in; and many poor families are thus helped over hard places. Fifty companies of children have been, at various times, taken out West and elsewhere and placed in good homes. Many of these have grown up to be happy and successful men and women; and very rarely indeed is a child returned on account of bad behavior. Brothers and sisters are usually placed in the same locality. The Management of the



THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.—EARLY METHODS OF NAVIGATION ON THE OHIO RIVER.
FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Home is in communication with some 500 of its former inmates annually, and if a child is not well treated, it can be taken away—a measure which is not infrequently resorted to.

The training and preparation of the children at the Home is illustrated in the sketches on page 381. Beginning on a physical basis, the Superintendent and lady teachers first enforce habits of personal cleanliness and neatness in their little charges, then go on teaching them manners, morals, religion and the rudiments of education. There is a grammar and primary school in session five hours daily, besides a Sunday-school, social meetings Sunday and Wednesday evenings, a temperance meeting semi-monthly, and an occasional special sermon on the Sabbath. Mrs. C. H. Minor, the wife of the Assistant Superintendent, pays special attention to the musical training of the children; and to hear her class sing our old friend "Johnny Schmoker," or one of their new jubilee or temperance pieces, is an entertainment not soon to be forgotten. A glimpse of the internal economy of the Home is furnished by the picture of the neat "doubling up" system of beds in the dormitories.

The endowment of the Little Wanderers' Home is small, but it has always been well provided for by donations and bequests.

YOUTH AND SPRING.

COME! fill me full our arms of flowers,
And cherish them: (they cannot last!)
Their little lives are spanned by hours,
It goes so fast, this Spring of ours,
It goes so fast!

Let us give thanks to th' unseen Powers
For joys to come, for pleasures past,
For Youth's delights, for love-sweet hours,
It goes so fast, this Youth of ours,
It goes so fast!

Let us kneel low to God who showers
Upon us all His gifts, nor cast
One longing glance on vanished hours,
It goes so fast, this Life of ours,
It goes so fast!

EDWARD HERON ALLEN.

ANOTHER STRANGE STORY.

LET me state, in the first place, that I am not a Spiritualist; and that while I have the greatest respect for every man's belief—if it is after the dictates of his conscience—I do not explain my own somewhat strange experience by the theories set forth by those who believe or are known as Spiritualists.

What it is I cannot say. I have no theory to advance, and probably shall never know until I cross the river that divides this life from the life beyond.

That many of you will laugh at its probability I do not doubt. However, we laugh most at that which we do not understand and cannot explain.

I was not as a boy particularly different from other boys of my age. Perhaps I was more fond of books and reading than the average, but that I inherited from both parents, and I am afraid that I was not at all particular about the quality, either—dime novels, Scott, ancient history or Smollett—everything that came in my way.

One thing was a great source of trouble to me as I grew older, and has remained a great mystery until this day. It was this: I was often awake out of a sound sleep by somebody speaking my name. At first it frightened me, and later, I would spring out of bed, and striking a light, search everywhere, but nothing could be seen. Then I tried locking my door, but it made no difference; the "voice" or "voices," whatever they might be, were still there.

I told my father, but he only laughed, and advised me to see a doctor.

One night I went to bed troubled. At the office that day a hundred-dollar bill had disappeared and could not be found. Nobody was present at the time it was paid but one of the firm and myself. At night, when I came to count the cash, it was gone. We searched everywhere, but without success. We hunted up the man who paid it in, but he knew nothing about it. My employer looked sober, and as for me, I was almost crazy. I knew that I had not taken it, but would he? I said nothing to the folks at home, for I did not want to worry them over something they could not help, but went to bed, only to toss from side to side half the night before sleep came.

It must have been nearly morning when I awoke with a start. Somebody said, as plainly as you could say it, "William!"

I was wide awake at once—not at all frightened—for I had heard the "voices" so often before; but then, to my astonishment, it continued: "Go to your office, and in the back part of the cash-drawer you will find the hundred dollars."

I can't explain to you how I felt. The perspiration stood in drops all over me. I rubbed my eyes. I pinched myself to be sure I was awake. I did not dare to move, and lay there waiting for more; but none came. You may be sure I slept no more that night; and while I tried to persuade myself it was nonsense, I longed for daylight.

I reached the office early, and, actually trembling with nervous excitement, I unlocked the cash-drawer. Pulling it out, I looked, and gave one cry, almost of terror. There lay the missing bill in full sight! That it was not there the night before I am as certain as that I am living, and I am willing to take my oath to that effect; but how it came there I do not know, and probably never shall. I was ashamed to tell my employers how I found it, for I knew I should not be believed; so I concocted a story that served its purpose, and very soon the affair was forgotten.

Forgotten by everybody but myself and Nellie. And I have not mentioned sister Nellie before, and yet, of her this story is written.

Nellie, darling sister Nellie, how I loved her! And she—well, nobody ever had such a brother, and no lover found favor in her eyes when "brother Will" was around.

Nellie and I talked it over and over again, but always left off with a sigh. It was something mysterious—that is all we could say.

And now the "voices," if anything, became more frequent, until they came to be an old story, and I was nineteen years of age when the events I am about to tell you took place.

We lived in the college town of C—, and, being well-to-do people, moved in the best society of the place; for, you know that, no matter how small a place may be, it has its grades of society, and there is always "the best." Father had been a professor, but ill health obliged him to give up teaching; and with a fair income, in a congenial neighborhood, his last days seemed to be pleasant ones. It was a great source of grief to him that his only son would not enter college. But on this point I was obstinate, and finding that I was so opposed to a college life, he—bless his heart!—finally gave in, and I entered the counting-room of a wholesale house in the city.

And Nellie—she was not a beauty as we judge of beauty; but she was bright, lively and happy—like sunshine wherever she went. Every face brightened when she came near; old and young had only words of praise for "Miss Nellie."

She was a great favorite with the college boys, and many a quarrel did they have on her account. Yet she showed no preference for any. When I joked her about them, she would laugh, and putting her arms about my neck, say, "You dear old brother, you are worth more than the whole lot!" But she enjoyed a good time as well as any, liked to go to balls, parties and plays, and as her escort I was kept pretty busy in the winter; but let me add, it was a pleasure, for I was proud of my lively sister.

It was in 1861. Fort Sumter had been fired upon and taken, South Carolina had decided to leave the Union, and war was declared. Everybody was full of excitement, and I among the rest. I begged my father to let me enlist, for, not being of age, I could not without his consent; but he refused, though his eyes flashed as he read the papers, and in his impatience longed to be young again. He could not give his only son.

I remember so well when he placed his hand on my shoulder, and pointing through the open door where my mother sat reading, shook his head and left me.

But those days—who of us can ever forget them! The Spring and Summer passed by, and those who had said that the war would be over in a few months began to lose confidence in their own predictions, and as Winter came on, they, with the rest of us, accepted the sad fact that it was to be a long, hard struggle. Both sides were brave and determined; only now, as we look back, can we see how from the first the struggle was a hopeless one for the South. They themselves acknowledge it now, and know it could not have been otherwise; and most of them to-day would not have it different.

Nellie was very enthusiastic and very patriotic; she sympathized with me in my desire to fight for my country; and yet, after one of those long talks to cheer me up, she would—woman-like—spoil it all by putting her arms about me, and exclaiming, "No, no, brother Will—we can't let you go."

How busy she was in those days! doing everything for the comfort of those who were fighting, and cheering those who were left behind. Many were the blessings that were called down upon her for her words of comfort, and her other acts of a more substantial nature.

One day in December I was sitting in my office at work, or, rather, I should have been at work; but a feeling of uneasiness possessed me without any apparent cause, and I had laid down my pen and was looking out of the window, watching the people pass and thinking of nothing in particular. I did not know what was the matter with me; I only felt uneasy. Suddenly I heard a "voice" at my side speak as those "voices" never had before, "Willie! Willie!"

I sprang from my seat so thoroughly frightened that the other clerks noticed it, and fearing I was going to faint, came to my assistance.

Did any of them speak to me?

No.

Did they hear any one call my name?

No.

It was nearly six o'clock, and knowing that I could do no more work that day, I put on my hat and coat and went home. I cannot tell you how I felt, I wish words could express it, but as I neared home I knew something had happened. I went in. Everything seemed as usual. Father sat in his library and nodded as I passed by, and mother kissed me as she always did when I came home at night.

"Where's Nellie?" I asked.

"She went down to Mrs. Brown's, at the further end of the town, this afternoon. You know her husband is in the hospital at Washington, and she is going to him; so Nellie went to see if she could be of help. Still, she has been gone a long while, and it is time she was back."

Six o'clock and dark, yet no Nellie. I was getting more worried than I wanted to own, even to myself, and jumping into the sleigh, I drove to Mrs. Brown's, to find that Nellie had left there long before dark. Then, one after another, I visited all the places I knew she would be likely to call at; but at every one I met the same reply, "She has not been here."

By this time the rest of the family were as frightened as I, and summoning assistance, we began to scour the country on the outskirts of the town. Being near a large city, the roads were frequented by tramps and hard characters generally, and we feared—what we feared we did not dare to speak aloud.

We searched for hours, but without any trace or clew, and most of the party had decided to wait until daylight before continuing the search. I, too, had turned back, when one of those "voices,"

now so familiar, spoke my name. I waited. "Turn to the left. By the big oak you will find Nellie." You may not believe it. No matter. I had no thought of hesitating—my faith was sure—and turning my horse, I fairly flew over the snow. It was only a short way, and I was at the oak. I sprang out of the sleigh and flashed my light here and there, then gave one cry, "Nellie!" and knew no more.

When I came out of my father's house again, the snow had disappeared, the trees were putting forth their tiny leaves, and the brave little crocus was in full bloom. Winter had retired in favor of Spring. Most of this time was a blank to me. From the moment I saw Nellie's upturned face under the old oak, I knew nothing, until, weeks after, I found myself in my room, with mother bending over me.

When I was able to bear it, they told me all there was to tell. Nellie had been found lying in the snow, dead. There were tracks of a sleigh, but so far as they were able to judge, there was no struggle of any kind. Where her head lay, there was a large stone, and a mark on her forehead made them theorize that perhaps she fell from the sleigh, and came to her death through its means. But why was she there, and who was with her, and why did he leave her? Detectives had failed to strike any clew. The country was in such a state of excitement all the time, that the occurrence was forgotten sooner than it might have been, except by the heartbroken family and immediate friends.

Yes—one other did not forget it. He who had caused her death could not forget it. All the theories in the world could not shake my belief that she had been murdered—but by whom? My life should be given to find out. I grew better, but the great shock had taken all the ambition and aim of my life out of me. Work I could not. Even if I did busy my hand with this thing or that, my mind was not with it; it simply used up time.

Father and mother, though they had their own heavy grief to bear, sorrowed still more to see me in such a state. And I—my God, how I suffered!

At length I could stand it no longer. The President was calling for more troops—here was a chance for relief. I went to my father and told him it was my only hope—I must get away from myself or die. I can see him now, as he sat in his study, his face buried in his hands, struggling against love and desire. At length, clasping my hands, he placed the other on my head, and said: "William, it is for the best—go, and may God protect you!"

I will pass over the intervening days, for though I had my desire, and all thought it was for the best, the parting was no less hard. I obtained an officer's commission, and went out with a home regiment. In the hardships and the excitement of army life I grew away from my old self and grief, and became a man.

It had been a day of heavy fighting, and many of our brave men lay dead and dying on the field. My regiment had been in the thickest of it, and after it was all over, I went forth to look after my men and to render such assistance as I could, or that might be needed. I was wandering about in the vicinity where we had been fighting, when one of those "voices" that still haunted me, but no longer gave me any uneasiness, said, "Willie!" I waited. "Turn to your left! Remember Nellie!" Perhaps you can imagine how this startled me; not the sound of the "voice"—that was an old story—but those words, "Remember Nellie!" Remember her! I never forgot her, or her sad fate. Sleeping or waking, I seemed to see her upturned face as it lay there on the snow; but the "voice" said, "Remember Nellie!" I turned and walked on mechanically. I knew I was being led for some purpose, and soon the "voice" said, "He is here." Who was here?

I looked down, and there lay a young man in an officer's uniform; he had a familiar look, but my memory refused to place him. Suddenly, as by a great effort, it flashed across my brain he was one of the students at college, and a great admirer of Nellie's. He was of Spanish birth, and Nellie often said she was fairly afraid of him.

And there he lay, cold and lifeless. But why had I been led here? I stooped down, and saw that one hand had drawn a small leather case half out of his pocket. I loosened it and opened the case. Inside I found his name and a few papers, then a picture. I gasped, and almost fell. It was Nellie's, and fastened to it was a lock of hair! Then it flashed across my mind, as thoughts will, without any apparent reason, that here lay Nellie's murderer. I asked the question, in my mind, and turning my face upwards, I waited for an answer. It was only a few seconds—it seemed an age; then a "voice" close to my ear whispered, "Yes."

They tell me I was picked up insensible, and many were the questions poured in upon me by my comrades. What excuse I gave or what story I told them I have forgotten. Had I told the truth they would have thought as you do now, that my brain was disordered; and so I have kept the story to myself, telling only my own family.

How he came to do it I never knew, but in my own mind there was never a doubt that he did commit the deed. You will say a court of law would never take such evidence. They will never have the chance. To me the evidence is conclusive. I found that he left college the day after Nellie was found, and enlisted. His comrades say he was sober and morose, but brave and daring as a very devil, and that he met his death as the result.

To me there was a reason for all this—he was a haunted man. I am strong in my belief that he suffered as only one with a load of guilt to bear can suffer.

My story is told, and I feel, as I said in the beginning, that you think it is only the imagining of a disordered brain. Never mind—call it what you will—call it as I do, "Another Strange Story."

SUMMER AMONG THE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.

WHEN that point is reached where the tourist, bent upon penetrating to the heart of the Adirondack or the Maine wilderness, leaves the railroad and takes to the springy buckboard, he usually says something about "leaving civilization behind." As a matter of fact, he takes it with him—or, at least, tries desperately to do so. Guides and drivers stare aghast at the mountain of trunks, boxes, sporting paraphernalia and other fantastic impedimenta which the novice expects them to transport to some almost inaccessible camping-place. When he gets to where the road becomes a mere trail, and finally has to be followed over rock, jungle and stream by means of blazed trees, he either abandons the baggage-train altogether, or settles down and makes his camp then and there. The veteran of two or three seasons sallies forth in light marching order, with knickerbockers and rubber coat, a light breech-loading rifle on his shoulder, a knapsack strapped on his back, and the rest of his outfit, including fishing-tackle, in his capacious pockets. Thus equipped, and accompanied by a guide, he can go anywhere in the Adirondacks, and live as royally as the banished Duke in the woods of Arden. Some fresh glimpses of our Northern New York wilderness are given in the smaller sketches on page 380.

To the pleasure-seeker who has his first visit yet to make, it may be well to say that there are two principal routes leading into the wilderness. One is by the Adirondack Railway from Saratoga to North Creek, and thence by stage or buckboard to Blue Mountain Lake, and by steamer and "carry" to Raquette, Forked and others of the necklace of lakes lying in the depths of the woods. This route abounds in attractions, the railway and stage service being admirable in every respect, while the region traversed is in the last degree picturesque and wonderful. The other route is by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad from Albany to Plattsburg, and thence by the Chateaugay Railway to Loon, St. Regis and Saranac Lakes, and other resorts in the Saranac region. Owing to a recent extension of the Chateaugay Road, the distance from New York to Saranac Lake and adjoining points is now made in eighteen hours—the tourist who leaves the metropolis in the evening reaching the lake by noon of the following day. At the terminus, in Saranac Lake village, stage drives of one mile bring him to Alexander's and Miller's hotels, on the lake—new buildings, each with a capacity of about 1,000 guests; twelve miles to Saranac Inn (formerly the Prospect House, and better known as the place where President Cleveland tarried); and seventeen miles to Adirondack Lodge, in the heart of the wilderness.

A pictorial reminiscence of the woodland lakes of Maine in the Androscoggin region is given elsewhere. It depicts the most agreeable portion of a "carry"—its finish. The lake glimmering in the middle distance is Parmachenee, a little gem of a natural basin, rimmed with high wooded hills. Its altitude is over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The "carry" is a rather steep one, from Parmachenee Landing on the Magalloway River, a short distance above the Forks, to the lake itself, which is about three miles distance. Your canoe weighs sixty-five pounds when you start, and about 6,500 by the time you come in sight of the lake. But then you are well repaid by a week's camping on those romantic shores, even if you do nothing but breathe the invigorating pine perfume of the mountain air.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE IRISH PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

THE Pope, in his encyclical letter of last week, reiterates his condemnation of the Irish National League's Plan of Campaign, and of boycotting. The use of these weapons will now probably cease to be sanctioned by the clergy, and, notwithstanding the protests of the tenants and their leaders, the League's activity will no doubt, sooner or later, take some other form. We publish a group of sketches on the Ponsonby estate, near Youghal, where Maurice Doyle is said to have initiated the now famous Plan of Campaign. Doyle held a large farm at a yearly rent of £370, the Government valuation being £258. In June, 1887, he offered, in common with other tenants on the Ponsonby estate, to pay his rent minus thirty-five per cent. reduction. "They were offered," says the London Graphic, "a reduction of twenty per cent., but this they refused, whereupon they were served with the usual legal notices. Doyle barricaded his house and made a determined resistance against eviction. The evicting forces broke a hole through the gable of the house, and finally had to erect scaling-ladders, and effect an entrance through the roof. Doyle was not evicted until last February, after having been for eight months barricaded."

WILLIAM II. AT THE REICHSTAG.

The ceremonial opening of the German Reichstag, in the Throne-room of the Old Schloss at Berlin, on the 25th ult., by the new Emperor William II., is depicted among our foreign illustrations. On this pompous occasion the ambassadors of all the Powers were present in full uniform, accompanied by their wives. Tall Life Guards were grouped about, and the Imperial Deputies mingled in the imposing ensemble. Prince Bismarck, habited in the splendid uniform of his Cuirassier Regiment, and wearing his most distinguished orders, headed the Federal Council. The young Emperor wore a plumed helmet, and the crimson velvet mantle of the Black Eagle. The Empress and the little Crown Prince sat behind him, as, rising upon the purple-carpeted dais, with his helmet on, he read the speech from the Throne.

ARMORCLAD VS. TORPEDO CRUISER.

The spirited picture relating to the recent French naval manœuvres in the Mediterranean illustrates a combat between the two formidable types of modern sea-fighters—the swift little torpedo cruiser and the great steel-plated ship-of-war. The latter can guard against her petite adversary's insidious attacks only by eternal vigilance, and, in addition, to the ponderous batteries below, her main-top is transformed into a veritable fortress, manned by picked seamen, commanded by an officer, and armed with rifles and a Hotchkiss gun. Men and ammunition are hoisted aloft by means of machinery inside the hollow iron mast.

THE WALLACE STATUE.

This colossal bronze statue of Sir William Wallace has just been erected at Aberdeen. It has been placed on the as yet uncompleted portion of the new Rosemount Viaduct. The pedestal is nineteen feet in height, and the statue itself is seventeen feet. There is no larger bronze statue

in Scotland. On a panel in front of the pedestal is inscribed, "In Honor of William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland," and in a similar panel in the rear there is another inscription, stating that the statue had been erected from funds bequeathed by Mr. John Steill, of Edinburgh. The sculptor is Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, A. R. S. A., of Edinburgh. The figure of Wallace represents the Scottish patriot when he is supposed to be addressing these words to the English friars sent to negotiate a pacific treaty before the battle of Stirling Bridge: "Go back to your masters, and tell them that we came not here to treat, but to fight, and to set Scotland free."

THE ABYSSINIAN ROYAL SUCCESSION.

Recent dispatches from Cairo announce the death of the Ras Arca-Selassie (Image of the Trinity), the only son of King John of Abyssinia. Our picture, from a photograph taken not long before the death of the heir-apparent to that ancient throne, includes in the group the Princess Saoudit (My Crown), daughter of Menelik, the King of Choa. The young people were nominally wedded in 1882, the prince being at that time but twelve years old, and his bride seven. The death of the Ras Arca-Selassie leaves the chance of royal succession to Menelik II., father of the widowed princess, and who, like former monarchs of his line, claims direct descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ABOUT NIAGARA FALLS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Advertiser writes of the improvements going on at Niagara Falls: "Much of the fund from the sale of old buildings has been spent in developing and restoring the beauties of the reservation. As yet there has been no drain upon the State Treasury for maintenance, nor is there likely to be for a year or so to come. In the upper part of Prospect Park there has been established a recreation-house, a public lavatory, a bureau of advice for excursionists, including arrangements for picnics with shelters, and the offices of administration. The taking of provisions on any other part of the reservation is forbidden. All along the edge of the crags a space has been prepared for people to stand upon, from twenty to thirty feet wide and extending from the brink of the Falls to the high ground back of the old wooden balcony. A new safety cable has been placed upon the inclined railway, the electric lights have been removed from Prospect Park and access is allowed to neither the Park nor the islands after dark. On moonlight nights access is given to all of the reservation only by permission of the superintendent."

"The reservation will not undergo many changes during the present season. But the Park as it now exists is an infinite improvement over the old order of things. Such trees of the different species now growing on Goat Island as attain to the first magnitude are to be planted thickly. The intention is to plant out to the village and to afford charming vistas of the river. The artificially cleared space on Goat Island is to be refurnished with trees, but not so thickly as the mainland. The ragged west banks of the island are to be better protected by piers, which will be clothed with foliage. Such are the plans of the noted landscape gardeners, Messrs. Olmstead & Vaux, which will require about \$400,000 before they can be consummated."

"As soon as any money is appropriated, much of it will be spent on the drives on Goat Island. A drive is projected by which a circuit of the island may be made in a carriage, at a distance usually from fifty to one hundred feet from the bank, and which is generally intended to be twenty feet wide. The wooden staircase will be reconstructed 'so as to afford a series of opportunities for outlook to be used by the visitor only in descending.' Another path for ascent is provided a little to the eastward."

"Among the improvements noted hereabouts, aside from the reservation, are the replacing of the wooden carriage suspension bridge by one of double its width in iron, and the removal of the better stores from the Canadian side of the river to the American side. We are also promised a railroad from the Falls to the Whirlpool, and a revolution in the business prospects of the village as soon as the Hydraulic Power and Tunnel Co. begins to rent its power for the turning of numerous turbine wheels. On the Canadian side the Clifton House remains, but the old museum and long line of unsightly buildings will be removed."

THE REHABILITATION OF PALESTINE.

DR. SIVARTHA, a well-known resident of Chicago, has gone to England for the purpose of organizing an extensive movement for the resettlement of Palestine. In both England and America this movement has already excited widespread interest. A number of families in Chicago are preparing to leave in the Autumn, and Sivarta expects a large colony to leave England for Palestine next Spring. These people are earnest, religious and practical in their plans. They do not expect that the settlement and restoration of Palestine will be brought about by anything that looks outwardly like a miracle. It must be guided by political sagacity and business judgment, both pervaded by a deep religious impulse. Captain Conder, who made the elaborate official survey of Palestine, says that it may easily become the rival in fertility of the best parts of Southern Italy. With a territory as large as Great Britain and with every variety of climate to choose from, it presents an inviting field to the immigrant. As soon as a sufficient number of people are there to form the nucleus of a new nation, it is expected that the European Powers will unite to declare Palestine an independent country. The Jews proper, according to the expectation, will only form the smaller part, about one-sixth of the new population. The larger element will be English and American.

Dr. Sivarta has already worked out extensive and careful plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, for its temples, public buildings, gates and walls, in harmony with the prophetic description of the Bible. According to his idea, the new Jerusalem is to be a centre of learning, of political influence, and a religious capital. When asked if he thought guarantees could be secured from nations in Europe that have acted in concert on the Eastern question, the doctor said: "The question is one that has already been discussed by European statesmen, and the disposal of Palestine so far has been a difficult problem, because the population there for 1,800 years has not been accustomed to self-government. Ten years ago, just before the Berlin Treaty—and at that time, of course, the question was up for discussion—statesmen expressed themselves freely

that Palestine ought to be made a neutral nation like Switzerland or Belgium, and therefore under the guarantee of the Great Powers to secure its immunity from wars. In England and the United States a great many men and women of large wealth have been interested in this enterprise, and the plans meet with their approval. I have made a long study, not only to develop all Palestine, but all the great Euphrates Valley, which is capable of sustaining 100,000,000 people, and of once more being a great centre of the world's activities."

THE BUSTLE BANISHED.

"THE rise and fall of the bustle is far more interesting to women of the present day than any topic that can be discussed," said the head of the dressmaking department of a large Philadelphia store to a *Record* reporter. "My, how the bustle did rise! It grew like a watermelon under a hot summer sun. Indeed, it was beginning to be a question as to

"Which is the bustle, and which is the girl?"

as General Knickerbocker used to sing in his topical song in the 'Little Tycoon.' But the birdcage is doomed. It must go. Dolly Vardens went, Gainsborough hats went, and so does everything of that sort. People are continually panting for something new. The bustle had its uses. It gave thin girls an air of seeming stoutness, and it was used to make the dress set well. It was a first-rate affair to take the weight of heavy dresses off a woman's hips. But when the girls began to wear the bustles half way up their backs, people began to get alarmed. It made the dear creatures appear like miniature camels. And the way the girls would shake themselves—oh, my! Why, they looked as if they would fall apart. For years the bustle has been growing smaller. The greatest proportions it ever reached was when it topped the bushel-basket. Now it is a very modest affair, and looks like a small-sized rat-trap. By next Fall it will be gone entirely."

"Mrs. Cleveland has done one good thing for the women of this country. With a wave of the hand she has wiped the bustle off the fashion-plates. Indeed, it is really a blessing. Then it is so odd that the President's wife should take the matter in hand. But she has done so. Bustles are only good for masks to be used by the small boys at baseball matches, now."

"What is to take the place of the bustle? I will show you. It is simple, effective and cheap. A set of reeds are to be sewed into the back of the skirt. They are of graduated sizes, and make the dress set well. It improves the hanging of the skirt, and is very simple. So nature is to have a chance again; the bustle has been banished."

THE WRITER AS HE WRITES.

"WHEN you just begin to be an author," writes Julian Hawthorne in *America*, "the sight of the blank sheet of paper gives you an appetite instead of depriving you of it. You long to be at work and cover it with ink-marks. A new writer not only enjoys writing, but rewriting also; I have known authors who will copy out a piece, over and over again, until the page appears without an erasure. That is not a bad thing by way of practice, and would no doubt be advocated by the printers. But it is not likely to be kept up more than two or three years. After that the writer knows what he is going to write before he writes it; he has learned the art of putting the contents of his mind directly on the paper; besides, he has not the time to make copper-plate reproductions of his work. He is more apt to put it off to the last practicable moment, and then to do it as rapidly as he can. And by-and-by it will be irksome to him to do it at all; and he will wish that fortune would present him with a year's vacation, during which he could lie on his back and do nothing."

"There is a period, in the writing of every book, when it seems impossible it should ever be finished. What has gone before seems bad, and what is to come is either a blank, or it promises to be worse than the beginning. An apathy, a paralysis, settles upon the worker; he wishes he had taken up butchering or liquor-selling for a living. Every day that he postpones the completion of his task it appears more hopeless; his mind is gloomy, his conscience oppressed; he haunts his study, but effects no more than a ghost might; he draws pictures on scraps of paper, reads books that do not interest him, or even plans out work that can only be executed at some indefinite future opportunity; at last his final moment of grace expires, and he sits down in desperation and plunges his pen into the inkstand. The work goes on, and then he wonders how he could have imagined any difficulty. The word 'Finis' is written, and he experiences an uplifting of the spirit. Thackeray, according to all accounts, was subject to distressful periods of this kind; but he declares, in one of his essays, that after finishing a given book it was his custom always to begin another before going to bed—in the mood of reactionary lightheartedness following upon his depression."

HOW TO GUESS THE SPEED OF TRAINS.

THE Kansas City Times says: "There is not one person in one hundred of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year who have any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. of even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are dispatched on a trip over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders."

"The majority of engineers use their driving-wheels as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between mile-posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph-poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country and where four or five wires are used, are spaced so that they are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile."

"The most accurate method, and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails in nearly all cases are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is

running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT HOME.

A LONDON correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes: "Sir Arthur is a very short, thickest man, and inclined to stoutness; his head is square and covered with crisp, curly black hair; he has a low, broad forehead, and eyes which show his Italian origin, black and soft and laughing; a small nose and a square chin; and he dresses in a quiet, gentlemanly way. His manner is genial and friendly, and free from the slightest assumption of conceit; he could not possibly be pompous or arrogant, and I was delighted to find that all the honors and success poured upon him in these past ten years had not succeeded in changing what seems to be the charming simplicity of his character. He lives a bachelor life in handsome apartments in Victoria Street, near Westminster Abbey. A drawing-room, furnished much like other London drawing-rooms, with many treasures, among them photographs of nearly all the members of the royal family with their autographs, as well as a few of the German royal family, some with most appreciative dedications, acknowledging his genius. His library is the next room, and is full of standard musical and literary works, handsomely bound. There are also three telephones, one connected with the Savoy Theatre, one with the Stock Exchange; the other, I forget where, presumably with his stables. His secretary has a room on the floor below, where he too has the same telephone connections. Sir Arthur is completing the new opera which will appear, he tells me, in September."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Paris census shows 6,915 Americans.

THE Grand Council of the Independent Labor party of the United States has endorsed Harrison and Morton as the candidates of that party for President and Vice-president.

THE recent seizure of two French fishing-vessels by cruisers of the Newfoundland Government for taking bait within the limit prohibited to them has called forth a remonstrance from the French Government, which demands an explanation from the British Government.

THE motion to strike from the Mills Tariff Bill the clause placing wool upon the free list was defeated in the House of Representatives, last week, by a vote of 120 to 102, Messrs. Snowden, of Pennsylvania, and Foran and Wilkins, of Ohio, voting "aye" with the Republicans.

PARTIES of Fakiri pilgrims who recently arrived at Snakin, en route to Mecca, declared that while passing through Darfour they heard that a large force of foreigners and others, not natives of the Soudan, headed by an English Pasha, were in the marshes of Bahr-el-Ghazel. The Darfour tribes were friendly, and were arranging with the strangers an attack upon the Mahdi.

THE special committee of the House of Representatives which is to investigate the evils of the immigration system expects to begin its work at Castle Garden, New York, during the present week. During their stay in New York the committee will pay a visit to some of the Mulberry Street and other Italian and Chinese colonies under police protection. From New York the committee will go to Boston, and later in the season to San Francisco, after visiting various other ports at which immigrants are landed.

OLD opera-goers of New York, whose musical life is still bounded by the memory of Grisi and Mario at Castle Garden, continue to vote the following the best of all musical repartees: "These are your little Grisettes," said the Emperor Nicholas to Mme. Grisi, meeting her one day at St. Petersburg with her two little girls, Rita and Clelia. The third daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, who tells the story, was not yet born. "No, sire," answered Mme. Grisi, with an appropriateness almost too happy for reality "they are my little Marionettes."

At Gettysburg, the other day, two young men exhumed the skeleton of a very tall man in the path which leads up the slope at Devil's Den, opposite Round Top, over which thousands of persons have passed. The recent rains exposed one of the bones, and they dug for the rest, finding with them United States and Georgia buttons, about one dozen bullets and several pieces of shell. The bones of one arm were missing. The huge boulders about the glen sheltered dozens of Confederate sharpshooters, and the remains are supposed to be one of them.

At the meeting of the National Prison Association in Boston, last week, among the subjects suggested for practical legislation were the following: The substitution of indeterminate sentences in all cases, even for minor offenses, a sentence now almost universal in reform and industrial schools; the extension of this sentence into perpetual confinement for incorrigibles, making it merely restraint without penal features in cases of habitual drunkenness, insanity or the like; the removal of criminal administration from all connection with politics or popular elections, and the speedy execution of the sentence in the case of murders or other cases of much popular interest.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 14TH.—At Kingston, Jamaica, Colonel J. Harvey Bingham, United States Consul, aged 54 years. July 15th.—At Meadville, Pa., David Carroll, inventor of the stump-puller now in general use among farmers, aged 65 years; at Kansas City, Mo., N. V. Krekel, Judge of the United States District Court; in London, England, Sir John Henry Brand, President of the Orange Free State, Africa, July 16th.—At Madison, N. J., Rev. Michael Riordan, Chaplain of St. Elizabeth's Convent, and one of the most zealous priests and scholarly men in America, aged 56 years; at Atlanta, Ga., John N. Dunn, of the Atlantic and Florida Railroad; in New York City, William H. Maxwell, a well-known physician, aged 75 years; in Galveston, Texas, John J. Hand, a leading journalist, aged 64 years. July 17th.—In Paris, M. Antoine Etex, the distinguished French sculptor, aged 81 years; in Jefferson County, Miss., Captain Pat. Darden, the most prominent Granger in the State, having been Grand Master of the organization since 1876. July 18th.—In Floyd County, Ga., Judge J. W. H. Underwood, a member of the Tariff Commission appointed by President Arthur, and a former member of Congress.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARDINAL MANNING completed his eightieth year on Sunday week last.

THE Prohibitionists of Kansas have nominated Rev. J. D. Botkin for Governor.

MR. LOTHROP, the United States Minister to Russia, has tendered his resignation.

FANNY DAVENPORT, the actress, has secured a divorce from her husband, Edwin W. Price.

HON. SAMUEL W. HAWKINS has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. is the first Russian-speaking King of Prussia. Prince Bismarck speaks Russian fluently.

POPE LEO has decided that all his Jubilee presents which are of a sacred nature are to form a Leonine Museum.

SECRETARY BATAARD has started on a two weeks' cruise in a pilot-boat. Deep-sea fishing will be his principal amusement.

REPRESENTATIVE RANDALL is gaining strength, but will not be able to return to his duties in the House for some time.

GENERAL BOULANGER is said to be recovering from the effects of the wound received in his recent duel with M. Floquet.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has agreed to the proposal that his mother should bear the titles of Empress and Queen Frederick.

THE Bill to place John C. Fremont on the retired list as Major-general of the Army has passed the United States Senate by a vote of 29 to 21.

ROBERT GARRETT, of Baltimore and Ohio fame, who went abroad last year on account of impaired health, reached home last week, greatly improved in every respect.

THE decoration of Commander of the French Legion of Honor is to be conferred upon M. Alexandre Dumas, the dramatist, and the decoration of Knight of the same order upon M. Emile Zola, the novelist.

MR. BLAINE will sail from Liverpool, for home, on the 1st proximo, in the new steamer *City of New York*, said to be one of the fastest vessels afloat. He will be received on his arrival by a great demonstration of Republican clubs.

IT is now said that General Sheridan's recovery is altogether improbable. His disease is valvular inefficiency of the heart and incurable organic difficulties. He may live ten minutes or ten weeks, but will never be able to re-enter active service.

EMPEROR VICTORIA has requested Dr. Mackenzie to prepare for her a true history of the late Emperor Frederick's illness, in order to correct the German doctors' assertions. It is not known whether the Empress will make public the report.

THE University of Cambridge, England, has conferred honorary degrees upon Bishop Potter of New York and the Bishops of Minnesota and of Frederick, N. B. The Senate was crowded on the occasion, and the conferring of the degrees was greeted with loud cheers.

SPOTTED TAIL, JR., "the last of the great Sioux," died near Rosebud Agency, Dakota, a few days ago. He was sometimes called "Cushion Back" because of his broad shoulders. He was something of a poet. At his grave his favorite horse was shot. The dead chief was the son of the famous Spotted Tail.

CHARLES SURFACE sold the ancestral portraits to pay for bibulous extravagances; but Lord Toller-mache, of England, who has recently sold three of his family pictures for \$220,000, has expended \$316,500 in purchasing a steam brewery at Ipswich, with sixty-nine public-houses attached, for his tenth son, Mr. Ranulph Toller-mache.

THE Shah of Persia recently had a tooth pulled in the presence of all his court. The operator was a Swede, and the head executioner made himself conspicuous during the *séance*. There is no knowing what might have happened to the dentist had His Majesty lost his temper with the pain. As it was, the Shah presented him with a purse of gold and a shawl.

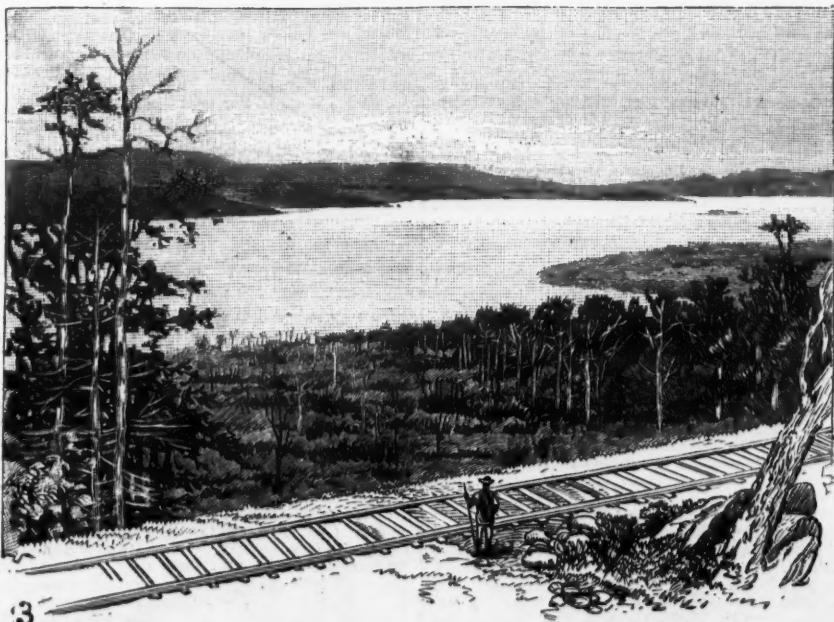
MARSHALL P. WILDER met Nat Goodwin in the Strand in London a few days ago, and this is what passed: "Hello, Marsh! I'm handsome in my London get-up, ain't I? Arthur Roberts told me this morning that I looked like you—and I kicked him." "Only kicked him?" responded Wilder. "Why, if he had said that to me I would have killed him on the spot."

HERE is a man worth reading about. We quote the New York Sun: "Charles Demachy, one of the greatest bankers of France, died on June 28th. His name was on the bond given to Prince Bismarck in Rothschild's office, promising the 200,000,000 francs indemnity to Germany as the price for not marching the whole German army through Paris. The money was to be paid in gold, and when Bismarck saw the signatures he postponed his demand for spot cash."

M. JAVIS, the French aeronaut, still persists in his intention of crossing the Atlantic, if possible, in a monster balloon this Summer. M. Javis will come to this side and start in one of the storms which periodically sweep across the Atlantic from west to east. As "L'Atlantique," the balloon in which Javis will make his attempt, will not retain its buoyancy for more than seventy-two hours, it will take a wind traveling at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour to waft it to Europe.

THE President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: Lambert Tree, of Illinois, now Minister Resident, to be Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Belgium; Rufus Magee, of Indiana, now Minister Resident, to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Sweden and Norway; Charles L. Scott, of Alabama, now Minister Resident and Consul-general, to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela; John E. Bacon, of South Carolina, now Chargé d'Affaires, to be Minister Resident to Paraguay and Uruguay.

COLONEL CALVIN S. BRICE, of Ohio, has been chosen Chairman of the Democratic National Campaign Committee. Colonel Brice is a successful railroad man and at times a heavy speculator. He came into prominence in connection with the Nickel Plate Road, of which undertaking he and his associate, General Samuel Thomas, were the leading spirits. Since then he has been identified with various large railroad enterprises, including the Richmond and Danville, and several other Southern lines. He was a delegate-at-large from Ohio to the recent Democratic National Convention. His wealth is said to extend up into the millions.



1. OWL'S HEAD, LONG LAKE. 2. GOING IN—THEIR FIRST TRIP BY BUCKBOARD. 3. CHATEAUGAY LAKE. 4. ST. REGIS MOUNTAIN, FROM SPITFIRE POND.
SUMMER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—GLIMPSES OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

FROM PHOTOS. BY BALDWIN AND STODDARD.—SEE PAGE 378.



1. FORMER INMATES "ADOPTED OUT." 2. "JOHNNY SCHMOKER." 3. CLASS IN ARITHMETIC. 4. METHOD OF "DOUBLING UP." 5. THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHES AT THE HOME FOR "LITTLE WANDERERS," BOSTON.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 377.

(The Right of Translation is Reserved.)

BLACK BLOOD:

A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—REGIMENTAL DISCIPLINE AND
ITS EFFECTS.

"MILLER! Hang it, man! Are you mad?" cried Hesselton, struggling to free himself. The effort was needless, for, with an impatient ejaculation, Miller loosened his grasp and began to walk up and down the room, striving hard to master his rage.

"So doosid ungentlemanly," growled Hesselton, smoothing his ruffled plumes and all the while feeling a snug kind of satisfaction at his rival's sufferings.

The blood had surged to his face the minute before as he seized the captain's wrists; but his anger was of short duration, and he furtively watched Miller, till the latter stopped before him and gazed fiercely in his eyes.

"Well," said Miller, savagely, as he indorsed the lieutenant's hopes, "so you managed to steal a march upon me?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Yes, you do, you confounded humbug," growled Miller. "But, curse you, don't you think that I'm going to sit down calmly and let a thing like you supersede me?"

Hesselton could hardly conceal his exultation.

Hulda had refused him, then.

Miller read his delight, and caught up a riding-whip from where it hung on a couple of hooks.

"Look here," he said, "I give you fair warning. If you laugh at me I will not be answerable for my next act."

Hesselton saw so plainly what would follow, that, cowed by a long course of bullying from the man who had always held him under his thumb, he said, quietly:

"There, you needn't threaten me. I've had no better luck than you."

"What? She refused you?"

"Yes," said Hesselton, gloomily.

"Well, what did you expect—a boy like you?"

"Don't seem as if a man like you got on much better," said Hesselton, with his most successful effort at retort.

"Do you want me to thrash you?" growled Miller; "because, if so, talk to me again like that. Why, you miserable jackanapes, of course she refused you. Curse her haughty ways and pride! But I'll bring her down yet: curse me if I don't; and if I find out for certain who is the man, hang him! I'll shoot him like a dog."

"Well, you won't shoot me," said Hesselton, in an ill-used tone.

"Here, who is the fellow she thinks about?"

"How should I know? Granton, perhaps; or Major Denny."

"Bah! You grow a bigger fool every day."

"The result of your training," said Hesselton, sulkily.

"What?"

"You always boast about having made a soldier of me."

"Bah! Here, where are your cigars?"

"In that box; but there'll be no time to smoke one. There goes the colonel."

"The pompous old fool!" cried Miller. "Well, thank goodness, we're going to the front at last. The old boy may get his promotion."

He said the last word with a peculiarly meaning look; and further conversation was brought to an end by the blaring of the trumpet, when the two officers had to go to their troop, for the men were hurrying out from the stables amidst the rattling of horses' hoofs and the clatter of scabbards on the stones.

It was a brilliant sight, that parade. The men were excited as they were drawn up in hollow square, and the colonel addressed them, telling them that he need not allude to the brave deeds of their comrades abroad, who had borne the brunt of the war, for they must know them by heart, but that now the time was coming when his gallant regiment would have to show that they were no feather-bed soldiers, but ready to do their duty for the honor of the country, and to add to the names of hard-fought fields already in the archives of their dashing corps.

The men forgot risks, the leaving of home and those dear to them, and cheered in their enthusiasm. The spectators who had caught the news and crowded into the great parade-ground added their salvos of cheers, and in a moment the regiment, from being looked upon by the rougher element of Moreton as their deadly enemies, became now their heroes and sworn brothers; and amidst the strains of martial music, the flashing of arms, the glittering of lances and fluttering of pennons, the regiment was finally dismissed, the sternest orders being issued to keep the men in barracks for the present, to save demoralization, so eager were the townspeople to file the heroes of the day.

To be ready for receiving the route, which might arrive at a day's notice. These were the orders, and a busy scene of preparation ensued.

"Well, my lad, and what do you think of it now?" said Dick, who took the earliest opportunity of joining Rob. "Shall I try and buy you out?"

"My dear Dick," said the other, laughing, "no money would buy a man out now."

"And you laugh, Master Rob?"

"Laugh? Yes; I have not felt so happy and light-hearted since we joined. Why, it means an end to this miserable life of routine. Change

from the drudgery here to action and excitement which will take a man's thoughts from himself."

"Then you want to go?"

"Want to go? I wish it were to-day!" cried Rob, with feverish energy. "I want to be off; to try and prove myself a man. Out there in India I may win promotion."

"Or else be cut down in the field," said Dick, gloomily.

"Well, if I am, I shall have died like a brave soldier. If I stay here I shall be driven by misery and oppression to become one of the black sheep of the regiment—a drunken, taproom-haunting scoundrel."

"Not you, Master Rob," said Dick, shaking his head. "You couldn't do that if you tried."

"I don't know, Dick."

"I do, sir. But perhaps it will be best that we should go. Won't you write—home, and tell them—just when we're going aboard ship?"

"No. Some day, if I live and make myself something better than the scoundrel my father thinks me, I may go back home—not before."

"Well, sir, perhaps you're right. Can I do anything, Master Rob? Let you have some money to get a few extras before we get the route?"

"No, Dick, not a penny. Oh, yes: it's better!" he added, excitedly. "Let us get away. It is best for—every one, and some day I may come back a different man."

Dick shook his head slowly as he returned to the colonel's, for his young master's life seemed to be growing involved in trouble; and when alone that night, he lay thinking of what would be the consequences if he should make a clean breast of all he knew.

"The gallows!" he said, aloud, with a harsh laugh. "He'd have no mercy on me, and they'd have no mercy on me; and when I say to myself I'll be a true man and speak out, I find that I'm not a true man, and never shall be. I'm nothing but a miserable coward, and I daren't say a word."

Rob could not stay quiet after seeing Dick. He was in a state of mental ferment, and went hurriedly across to the married people's quarters, thinking so intently of the house across the parade-ground that he did not see a couple of officers coming up at right angles to his path, till a stinging blow across the shoulders brought him up to find himself face to face with Miller.

"Salute, you scoundrel—salute!"

Pale with rage and pain, Rob's instinct for the moment tempted him to strike his assailant down; but discipline triumphed, and he stood at attention and made the required salute.

"All his cursed insolence!" said Miller, as he went on. "That scoundrel hates me."

"No wonder, Miller," said his companion, the doctor. "I should if I were he."

"What?"

"And, mark my words, old fellow: some day out in India you may want that man's help, and if you do—"

"Ah, we have not got out to India yet," said Miller, laughing. "My dear doctor, you look after our wounds and ailments. That's your trade. Leave discipline to me. I flatter myself I know how to deal with an insubordinate scoundrel like that."

"Flatter yourself? True," said the doctor, mentally.

Meanwhile, stung to madness by the blow he had received, Rob strode on.

"I shall kill that man—I shall kill that man," he kept muttering. "If I did not hate him through the knowledge of his love for her, I am driven to it by his treatment. He will never rest till he has dragged me into some desperate act. There, never mind. We are going out, and one of us may be killed."

He entered the married people's quarters, and the sight in Mrs. Dann's room made him forget for the moment his own troubles.

Chip was standing leaning against the wall with his arms folded and brow wrinkled, while Mrs. Dann was in tears.

"What's the matter?"

"More trouble, Rob Black, more trouble. I want Chip to stay at home. Her ladyship ought get leave for him to stop at the depot at Canterbury, where we poor women will be, but he is as obstinate as can be."

"Right, Mrs. Dann," said Rob, as Chip darted a peculiar look at him. "Chip is too brave a lad to stay behind, but will sound many a charge for us, I hope, and we shall come back to you better—shall I say men, Chip?—when the troubles are over."

There was a look of longing in the trumpeter's eyes that Rob could not understand as he turned to the poor woman who was sobbing with her apron to her eyes.

"Come, come, Mrs. Dann," he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "You—one of the women of the regiment—and going off like this!"

"But he isn't fit to go—he isn't fit to go," she sobbed. "He is too weak and young."

"Mother, be quiet," cried Chip, angrily. "I will go; and, perhaps," he added, mentally, "all this misery may come to an end."

The barracks were all excitement that night, and the next morning that excitement had increased, for three men were missing.

At first it was supposed that they were out in the town drinking; but before long the parties who had been scouring the place returned with the men's clothes, which had been changed at a low public-house.

It was a plain case of desertion, and the weak spots in the regiment were showing.

All these men were from Captain Miller's troop, and to make matters worse, the very next night three more men from the same troop scaled the wall of the barrack-yard and deserted, one of them leaving his reason clearly written on paper.

The lines were very few, and pointed to the fact that the writer had found life in the regiment

with Captain Miller so hot here in England that he would not try what it would be like in India.

Six men deserted in forty-eight hours! The colonel was furious, and parties were sent out in all directions to scour the country, but they returned without success, for the simple reason that the men were safely hidden in the town.

Captain Miller's face was not pleasant to look upon that morning, during his interview with the colonel.

"Six men gone, Miller, and all through your arbitrary ways."

"Don't blame me, sir," he replied. "I have only done my duty and carried out the regimental discipline."

"Carried out the regimental discipline!" cried the colonel, angrily. "The Government gives you a sword to carry, but it does not expect you to be thrusting it into every one you meet. These are the men of your troop, and I consider you are answerable for them. You must find those men, and I tell you this: if another man deserts from your troop I shall call you most bitterly to account."

Captain Miller strode up and down the room, fuming.

"And I tell you, Miller, what I shall tell the regiment this morning: that the next man who deserts and can possibly be captured shall be made an example of. I'll shoot him—ay, even if he were my own son."

Captain Miller heard the rest of his colonel's harangue in a confused way, for his thoughts were upon three of his words which seemed to burn into his memory and keep all others from making the slightest impression.

"I'll shoot him—I'll shoot him."

He could hear, but he could understand nothing else, and at last he hurried away from his meeting with the colonel, and half an hour later mounted his horse to attend a parade, which was to be followed by a long drill at some of the more intricate evolutions.

Who was to be the scapegoat—to bear the furious burst of rage waiting to bubble from his lips?

Everything he felt went wrong with him. He was soured by the rebuff he had received from Hulda, and embittered by the dislike of his men, who had preferred to risk the punishment likely to follow desertion to being under him in a foreign land.

True, they were some of the worst men in the troop; but no matter what they were, he was to blame.

"And if another man deserts he'll shoot him," he muttered. "Yes, and at a time like this he'll keep his word or the whole regiment will be in a state of mutiny."

To Captain Miller his own troop represented the whole regiment, and he spoke accordingly.

"If another man deserts he'll shoot him. Hah!"

He had muttered the first words, but the last ejaculation was aloud; for, like a flash of lurid light, a diabolical thought had entered his mind, one which made him tremble with excitement as he said, softly, while the handsome face of Rob Black seemed to be looking scornfully into his:

"Suppose he was to desert? Suppose he was to be taken? Curse him! he has been like a blight upon my life; and if I am not mad, the scoundrel has dared to raise his eyes to her."

CHAPTER XLV.—OFFICER AND PRIVATE.

THE men were drawn up in troops, in all the gay panoply of full review order, and each captain was, in company with his subordinates, making a preliminary inspection of his men prior to the general look over by the colonel.

The men never looked smarter. Their arms and accoutrements were the very perfection of brightness, as were their horses, groomed till their coats shone in the bright sunshine; while the men were in excellent spirits, for they had learned that their horses were to accompany them in the troopship, and that they would not have to depend upon the slight, weedy animals that would otherwise have been provided for them at Bombay.

Captain Miller had ridden up to his troop with his face peculiarly drawn and pale. There were marks about his half-closed eyes, and, as he ran them over the line of men, each one knew that a speck upon uniform or belt would bring down a rebuke.

So it proved, and the first man to whom he spoke was bullied roundly.

The next to receive a castigation was Jack Thompson, whose mustache twitched as he sat like a statue.

"Fair he's thriving his tongue and sharpening it up," said Sergeant O'Rourke to himself. "One of you'll get it directly."

The one who did "get it directly" was the sergeant himself, on account of the state of the last man; but, though he fidgeted uneasily in his saddle, he said no word, only cocked his eye in the direction of his brother-sergeant, Slack, who revealed in seeing him humbled.

Miller scanned the men from the front, and rode along their rear, but he could see nothing upon which to seize.

"Good luck to him! He hasn't found anything wrong with Rob Black," said O'Rourke to himself.

Click!

A sharp sound and sudden movement among the horses, for a fly had tickled Rob's trooper, with the result that the horse had struck out forward, his hoof coming in contact with the scabbard of his rider's sword, which flew up in the air, making the troopers on each side flinch, and sending a movement right and left along the line.

"Who's that?" roared Miller, for his opportunity had come. "Black, of course. Rein back, sir, rein back. I thought you were the man who could ride; and you are always showing off and fidgeting your horse's mouth till the poor brute is in a fret."

Rob obeyed, reining back a couple of horses'

lengths to the rear, close to where Miller, Slack and another officer sat.

"Sheathe your sword, sir."

Rob tried to obey, with a curious, singing noise in his ears, and the blood seeming to effervesce in his veins, while the colonel's words repeated themselves to the captain: "I'll shoot him, even if he were my own son."

"Do you hear me, you insubordinate scoundrel? Sheathe your sword."

"I can't, sir; the scabbard's bent," said Rob, sharply.

"Silence, sir! How dare you speak like that? Sheathe your sword."

Rob thrust the point into the battered steel scabbard, and tried to force it down, but it was impossible. The case was bent at a considerable angle, and was unusable until it had been to the armorer's.

"Will you sheathe that sword?" roared Miller, drunk now with the passion which at last had vent, and gladly seizing upon the opportunity to attack the man whom he hated with a savage hate.

Rob tried again, and then withdrew the blade with an impatient gesture full of anger, to sit once more with the weapon sloped across his shoulder.

"Do you see that, Slack?" cried Miller.

"Yes, sir: pure obstinacy, sir."

Beside himself with rage, Miller forced his horse to Rob's side.

"Once more, you scoundrel, will you sheathe that sword?" he roared.

"It can't be done," cried Rob, unable to bear it longer.

"Sheathe that sword."

"Sheathe it yourself and be hanged!" cried Rob, passionately; and he set spurs to his horse to go back to his place in the ranks.

He was checked though at once, for Slack seized his rein, and at the same moment Miller's sword leaped from its scabbard and he struck Rob a tremendous blow across the thigh with the flat of the blade.

The horse started so violently as the blow fell that Slack was driven back and loosed the rein.

What followed seemed to those present like a repetition of the encounter at the Athletic Sports, and for the space of a minute they sat petrified, watching the exciting scene; for, wheeling his horse round, Rob rode at Miller. With one sharp stroke upon the hilt, he struck his adversary's sword from his hand, and seizing him by his cross-belt, drove the spurs into his horse.

The fiery brute responded with so tremendous a bound, that Miller was jerked from his seat, and for the space of time above named the whole regiment sat motionless, watching Rob as he thrashed the captain with the flat of his sabre.

"Sit fast in your ranks! Sergeant, arrest that man!" roared a voice, as the colonel, in company with nearly every officer, came clattering up.

Sergeant Slack made a dash to seize the rein of Rob's horse, which was going slowly round in a circle, but as he did so, Rob bent over to his left and struck Miller one more ringing blow with the flat of his sabre, dropped him on the gravel, and with a back cut, brought the thick edge of his weapon against the brazen checkstrap of Sergeant Slack's Polish cap, sending him back over the cantle of his saddle, while before the officers could reach the spot, Rob's trooper answered the spur and went off at a gallop for the gate.

For a moment the officers reined up and sat astonished, gazing after the fugitive as he tore headlong towards the gate, his horse stretching out like a greyhound.

"Sit fast there!" roared the colonel. "Lieutenant Hesselton and ten men from the right bring back that man!"

Away went the party at a gallop, the lieutenant shouting and waving his hand to the sentry to close the gate.

The sentry grasped the idea, but not until Rob had thundered out through the entry, and managed to close and bar the gate just as the pursuing party galloped up.

"You idiot!" roared the lieutenant. "Open the gate!"

The gate was opened, not very quickly, and the party rode out, but the little delay had given Rob the start, and when the pursuers galloped off it was in the wrong direction, which they followed for a mile before they were certain that their quarry had gone another way. When they retraced their steps and took the right road, Rob was a couple of miles away, and they learned that he had gone across country as he reached the turnpike a short distance out of the town.

"Well?" said Sir Philip, sternly, as the lieutenant rode slowly back with his men, their horses panting and sore distressed. "Where is your prisoner, sir?"

"Prisoner, sir? Gone right away."

"I told you to follow and bring him back, Lieutenant Hesselton."

"Yes, sir; and I did follow till the horses gave in. They're completely blown."

"Lieutenant Hesselton!"

"I beg pardon, sir, but he was the best-mounted man in the regiment, and the most daring rider. The men who saw him say that he took everything as it came. Our horses were of no use in such a hunt."

Long before this the troop had been dismissed, almost to a man bursting with the desire to cheer loudly, while the captain was raging in his quarters and writhing like a beaten hound.

CHAPTER XLVI.—ESCAPED?

HULDA needed no telling. She had seen all, but she sat there pale and statuesque, listening to her father's words as he told Lady Cope.

"And he has escaped?" said her ladyship, eagerly.

"Escaped? Yes," said Sir Philip; "but, for Heaven's sake, don't speak in that tone of voice, as if you were glad."

"I am sorry, dearest," said Lady Cope, in her sweet, calm way, "bitterly sorry that this fine, manly, high-spirited young fellow should have so far forgotten himself; but I cannot help feeling glad he has escaped."

"Amelia!"

"Do not be angry with me, my dear. You know that I have always taken an interest in the young man."

"Tut—tut—tut!"

"And Captain Miller must have roused him by his overbearing ways."

"My dear Amelia!"

"I cannot help it, dear," said Lady Cope, rising, to go behind her husband's chair and lay her soft, white hands upon his shoulder. "From your own showing, Miller struck the young man the first blow."

"Here! Silence! Hold your tongue! Good Heavens! What next? Preaching rank mutiny to me—the colonel of the regiment!"

"Yes, dear," said Lady Cope, simply, while Hulda felt as if she would like to throw herself at her mother's feet. "It is a terrible breach of discipline, and if he were taken and tried, the punishment—"

"There, don't ask me!" cried Sir Philip, impatiently.

"But he has escaped."

Hulda felt a thrill of joy.

"Escaped? Yes, for a few hours."

The joy gave place to a chilling shudder.

"They'll take him in a short time—drunk in some low pot-house."

The color came into Hulda's cheeks for the moment, but she dared not say a word in defense of the man she loved.

"He'll be under lock and key before morning," said Sir Philip; and then to himself—"I'm afraid."

Lady Cope sighed.

"Sure to be taken, even if he tried to get away. Man in uniform is certain to be tracked. Confound Miller!" he added, in a burst of rage; "I wish to Heaven he would exchange into some other regiment!"

"Yes," said Lady Cope, sadly; and she stole a side glance at her child.

"The fellow sent back his horse by a boy," continued Sir Philip. "He hasn't stolen that. A hot-blooded, mad young fool. One of the finest soldiers in the regiment, but with no more self-control than a wild beast. It's a sad, sad business, and I'm very sorry, for it must go terribly hard with the lad."

"But he has escaped," said Lady Cope, in a low voice; "and I fervently hope that he will not be taken."

"I mustn't say so, my dear," said Sir Philip, sadly; "not even in the sanctity of my own home. But he is sure to be taken, and then—What's the matter with Hulda?"

Lady Cope turned quickly just as the door shut, for her child had risen silently and stolen from the room.

"Hulda is like me," said her mother, gently; "such an affair as this is painful, and after her relations with Captain Miller, the trouble seems to have been brought very closely home."

"Yes," said Sir Philip, sadly. "Pon my word, Milly, I hope the poor fellow will get away."

As the colonel uttered these words, Hulda was on her knees praying that this might be the case; but a terrible uneasiness oppressed her. Rob had escaped, but would he have gone right away?

Her heart said No; and the uneasy feeling increased, for something seemed to tell her that he would not leave the place where she was without trying to see her once again.

The thought made her tremble with horror, for she knew the penalty attaching to such a crime as that which Rob Black had committed. But why had he done this thing?

She knew only too well. Love and jealousy had been in contention, and she could feel with bleeding heart for the sufferer from a hundred cruel insults and a course of persecution which he would not have borne but for her.

"But he has escaped," she said, with a feeling of joyous exultation. "He has beaten that wretch, and he is now free, while I—Heaven help me!—have sunk so low as to own to this—A common soldier. No, he is no common soldier," she said, proudly; "for if ever gentleman joined the ranks of the army, that gentleman was Rob Black; and, thank Heaven, he has escaped!"

She tried to persuade herself that henceforth she would be at rest—that this passage in her life would gradually sink into oblivion; but her heart rebelled against it, and once more that strange whisper seemed to tell her that he had not escaped—that he would not go without seeing her once again.

Hulda went across to the window, opened it and looked out upon the soft, dark night, standing there with the light behind her—a silhouette to any one who might be outside.

Then, drawing back, she tried to calm down the perturbation of her spirits, and ended by telling herself, with a pitiful attempt at self-deception, that if she went down into the garden the cool air would allay the fever in her blood.

Throwing a great scarf around her and over her head, she opened the door, paused, with her breath coming short and thick, listening, and then, after an effort, she walked straight down, crossed the hall into the drawing-room, hearing the murmur of voices in the library, and passed on into the boudoir—the conservatory—and into the garden.

As she stepped on to the lawn and began walking up and down, her heart beat painfully with the struggle going on between nature and art. For, while the former said, "Love masters all, and he will not go without seeing you again," art said, sternly, "This is degrading folly; for, even if this man were mad enough to come, you could not lower yourself by even speaking to him—you,

the colonel's daughter, to this common private—this man in search of whom there are patrols out, ready to drag him back and imprison him until such time as he had been tried."

She walked up and down two or three times, now glancing at the lighted window of the library, now across at the barracks, and all the time her heart kept up its low, painful throb, as if beating a warning of danger being near.

"This is folly—madness!" she said, at last; and she was in the act of turning at the end of the lawn to retreat to the house, when there was the sound of a deeply drawn breath close beside her in the darkness, and she stopped short—motionless.

For a minute's space there was utter silence; and then, so close that the breath touched her cheek, a voice said:

"I could not go without seeing you once again."

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COFFIN.

CAPTAIN ROLAND FOLGER COFFIN, the veteran yachting reporter, died suddenly of heart disease at Shelter Island, L. I., on Tuesday of last week, while preparing for the New York World his report of the Atlantic Yacht Club's race off that point. He had entered the telegraph office at Prospect, in Deering's Harbor, to correct his report of the race, and took the first sheets of it into the operators' room. Returning to his seat, he suddenly fell back in his chair with a gasp. His friends rushed to him, but he never spoke again. The physician who was promptly summoned pronounced him dead.

Captain Coffin came of old English stock. He was born in Brooklyn, in March, 1826, shortly after his parents went to that city from their home in Nantucket. At an early age he took to the sea, and while still a young man was made a master. He commanded the ship *Senator* for many years, and was also master of the *Marrion*. These ships were in the Liverpool trade. When the war came on Captain Coffin enlisted in the navy, where he was made a Master. He was present at the battle of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, and was asked to pilot the *Monitor* up the James. Characteristic modesty as to his ability made him decline. After the war he was made master of the *Ericsson*. Not long after the war ended he found himself out of a position, owing to the decline of the American mercantile marine. During his long voyages he had taken up the study of shorthand as an amusement, and became very proficient in it. When he found himself forced to earn his living on land he thought he would turn this accomplishment to account, and sought and found employment, about 1868, on the New York World, with which paper he has since been connected. Being assigned to report yacht races, he quickly attained a reputation in this specialty. He contributed to the Sunday editions of the old World a series of old sailors' yarns, which ran along for several years. Two volumes of these popular sketches were subsequently collected and published by different publishers. He was also the yachting editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, and wrote for that publication over the *nom de plume* "America."

Captain Coffin was one of the most kindly natured and popular of men, and his humor at storytelling made him a welcome companion everywhere. His decease leaves a vacancy in the newspaper world, and its suddenness was a shock to the yachtsmen and their guests up the Sound. Captain Coffin leaves a widow and one daughter.

HON. JOHN MARTIN,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

THE canvass for State officers in Kansas the present year is one of the hottest ever held. The Democratic Convention nominated as its candidate for Governor one of the most popular men in the State, and the party proposes to contest every inch of the ground in the hope of possible success.

Judge John Martin is a native of Wilson County, Tennessee, where he was born, November 12th, 1833. He comes from a long line of industrious lawyers, politicians and statesmen, the records of the Revolution testifying to their gallantry and patriotism. His education was obtained in the common schools near his home, and during the intervals he worked on his father's farm. Choosing the law for a profession, his course of law reading was selected by Judge Carruthers, of the Lebanon University, Tennessee. During his legal studies he was thrown much among active and prominent Democratic politicians in the Garden State. In April, 1855, he removed to Kansas, locating in Tecumseh. In July of the same year he was elected Assistant Clerk of the Territorial Legislature, and was the only person against whom no votes were cast. Governor Shannon commissioned young Martin Clerk of and Register of Deeds for Shawnee County in October, 1855. He was admitted to the Bar in 1856, and was afterwards appointed the County Commissioners' County Clerk and ex-officio Register of Deeds for Shawnee County, which position he held until January, 1858. In 1857-58, he was Prosecuting Attorney for the County; and 1859-60 was United States District Attorney for Kansas. In March, 1860, he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court of the Territory. In February, 1861, he removed from Tecumseh to Topeka, which had been made the capital city, where he has since resided. In November, 1873, he was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature by a large majority, and re-elected in 1874 without opposition, and that too in a strong Republican district, and served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the January session of 1874 he introduced a Bill making appropriation for founding a State insane asylum. It passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate. He reintroduced it at the next session, and it became a law. In September, 1875, he was nominated unanimously for Governor of the State by the Democratic Convention, and although defeated, his party more nearly approximated a triumph than ever before. In 1882 he was again unanimously nominated for Governor, but declined it because the Convention refused to put in the platform a resolution in favor of enforcing the law of the State on the subject of the sale of intoxicating liquors. While opposed to prohibition, he is in favor of the enforcement of an obnoxious law as the best and quickest way to its repeal. In 1883 Governor Glick appointed him Judge of the Third Judicial District, vice Judge John T. Morton, resigned, and as a testimony to his personal worth and political strength, he received seventy per cent. of the votes cast at the November elec-

tion. From 1868 to 1888 Judge Martin has been an active and influential member of the Democratic State Central Committee, excepting a period of three years, and for fourteen years he was Chairman of the Committee, and had the direct management of every campaign during that time. Two years ago he was the Congressional candidate in the Fourth or "Capital" District, and ran nearly 6,000 ahead of his ticket. Unwavering in the discharge of what he considers his duty, regardless of consequences, strictly honest in all the concerns of life, loyal to his friends and party, and a gentleman in every sense of the word, he commands the esteem of all who know him in and out of the State of Kansas, irrespective of party predilections.

HOW CONGRESSMEN LIVE.

REPRESENTATIVE LONG, of Massachusetts, in a recent letter to an editorial friend, corrects some mistaken notions as to the manner in which Congressmen generally live in Washington. He says: "There are a few persons of great riches who now and then give entertainments, and live in an extravagant and profuse way, as some rich people do in every other community. But the great bulk of Representatives, including noticeably nearly all those of controlling influence, are men of limited means, who live in a modest and simple manner."

"On the whole, I should say that the instance of Henry Wilson, which you cite, is a type of the present majority of members. Our Massachusetts Senators, Dawes and Hoar, live quite as simply, one in a little tenement not better than our ordinary New England parsonage, and the other in a boarding-house, which you will not think extravagant when I tell you that, with the exception of myself, the rest of the boarders are Government employes, whose annual salaries range from perhaps \$2,000 rapidly downward. Walking out with Mrs. Long at sundown last evening, we passed a modest doorstep on which, with his young children playing about him, sat a member who pointed to a plain suite of rooms as his lodgings, and whose dress and manner of living are as simple and unostentatious as those of a Plymouth County farmer; and yet he is a millionaire—the richest man, I think, in the House; a Western lumber man, wise and hard-headed, and not ashamed, but proud, of the goad-stick which he wielded in his youth, and with which he pricked his way to fortune."

"Among the leaders, Reed lives in the fifth story of a small hotel; Randall, in a house that would perhaps yield a rent of \$300 or \$400; McKinley, in two or three chambers; Mills, in a quiet boarding-house; and so on through the list. The House is full of poor men who make no show; who are just such plain, well-behaved, temperate, churchgoing people as you and I meet at home; who go afoot and drive no fine teams; who ape no fashions; some of whom go to the few public receptions that occur in the Winter, but few of whom are able or care to hold receptions or give entertainments themselves."

"Fine raiment is so rare among them, that an old suit which I am now wearing for the third Summer has actually been exploited by the newspaper reporters, in the absence of any other sensation, as subjecting me to the charge of being 'well-dressed'; and if Tom Reed should cover his shining head with a silk hat, he would lose the Republican leadership. The member who lives luxuriously is the exception. What is undoubtedly true of a few officials, especially so of some outside persons of great wealth, who reside and entertain in Washington in the Winter and are advertised in the society columns of the Press, is not at all true of the great majority of the people's servants."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A REMEDY for tender feet is cold water (about two quarts), two tablespoonfuls of ammonia and one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes, gently throwing the water over the limbs upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel, and all the tired feeling is gone. This recipe is good for a sponge-bath also.

THE very best nourishment for invalids and children is the juice pressed from a steak or mutton chop thoroughly trimmed and boiled about five minutes. The meat for this purpose should be cut at least three-quarters of an inch thick. The juice may be extracted from the meat by a lemon-squeezer or a meat-press, which comes for this purpose.

SCARLET FEVER is a specific poison which emanates from the person of the patient, and can be caused by no other means. Diphtheria is contagious, but may arise from fermenting filth, etc. Typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera are not directly communicable from person to person, but are spread by the dejects of their victims, which contaminate the water supply.

PLATINUM has never as yet exhibited its presence in the sun's atmosphere, but recent investigations upon the solar spectrum would seem to establish the fact that it exists in the sun as well as upon the earth, lines corresponding to that element having been observed in the spectrum. The same investigation confirmed the belief in the presence of such metals as bismuth, cadmium and silver, which have heretofore been considered doubtful.

In a recording rain-gauge, recently devised by M. Brassard, the water passes from the bottom of the receiver into a centrally pivoted trough, having each arm slightly depressed in the middle. It fills the two divisions alternately; the filled arm goes down, and empties itself into a lower trough, and the rocking thus caused is registered by an ordinary counter. Each rocking of the trough indicates one-tenth of a millimeter of water having fallen into the receiver. The instrument is designed to eliminate the error usually arising from evaporation.

A PAPER on "Wasted Sunbeams," by Dr. G. M. Smith, of New York, printed in the *Medical Record*, embodies some good suggestions. The author's aim is to show that great advantages to health might be secured by a rearrangement of the upper stories of private dwellings. "Cannot architectural ingenuity," he asks, "coached by sanitary science, contrive some method of using the thousands of acres of house-roofs, so that roofs, now so useful in affording protection from cold, sleet and rain, can be made additionally useful, at certain seasons, by affording outdoor recreation and protection from invalidism? Cannot the same skill contrive new designs for the upper and most salutary stories of our dwellings—playing-rooms and sunning-rooms, especially adapted for the Winter season, but so cleverly fashioned that too intense torrid beams can be excluded in Summer?"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, will not be removed to Chicago, as was proposed.

THE Greenbackers in Michigan have fused with the Democrats on a State ticket.

A BILL to abolish dueling has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies.

FROM the 12th of June to the 12th of July 35,650 Italian immigrants were landed at Castle Garden.

A VOLCANIC eruption has occurred at Makmats, in Japan, by which 400 persons were killed and 1,000 injured.

THE House of Representatives has refused to concur in the Subsidy Amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill.

THE supply of sugar now in the country is nearly one-fourth less than last year, and there is a prospect of very high prices.

THE Emperor William of Germany reached Cronstadt on the 19th inst., and was received by the Czar with a grand display of war-ships.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Communal Reform Bill, which gives to over 2,000,000 citizens the right to vote in local elections.

ONE HUNDRED of the young college men who attended Mr. Moody's recent Bible-school at Northfield, Mass., have pledged themselves to engage in missionary work.

THE great strike of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers at Pittsburg, Pa., which commenced on June 1st, has terminated in the unconditional surrender of the manufacturers.

A HARRISON and MORTON CLUB has been organized among the Poles at Buffalo, N. Y., who voted for Cleveland four years ago. The solid Polish vote of 2,000 is expected to go to Harrison this year.

THE Paris Exposition will open on May 5th, 1889. General W. B. Franklin, the American Commissioner-general to that Exposition, has opened the United States Government's office at No. 35 Wall Street, New York.

THE Seventy-first Regiment of New York last week visited Richmond, Washington, and the Bull Run battlefield. Their reception in Richmond was very cordial, the local military extending to them characteristic hospitalities.

GEORGE H. STAYNER and HENRY S. IVES, who were concerned in the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway irregularities, have disappeared from New York in order to escape capture by Ohio officers who "want" them.

THE production of "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Gayety Theatre, London, by Mr. Daly's New York company, appears to be a positive success. The company will produce the play at Stratford-on-Avon on August 3d.

THE National Educational Association began its twenty-eighth annual meeting in San Francisco last week. It promises to be one of the most successful gatherings of the kind ever held, both in the number present and in the character of the proceedings.

THE British Government proposes to replace private schools in India by Government institutions, and to engage British specialists to supervise and enlarge technical education. Moral training will be provided for by a text-book on morality based on natural religion.

A RESOLUTION was adopted by the National Prison Association at Boston, last week, in favor of a general conference to consider the prison-labor question, to be held the coming Autumn, and to be composed of three members from each State of the Union, besides representatives of the association.

THE Presidential election in Venezuela this year has resulted in the choice of Dr. Rojas Paul, who is a lawyer, and was Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of General Lopez, whom he succeeds. General Lopez has been serving out the unexpired term of General Guzman Blanco, who is absent in Europe.

IT is now possible to travel from London to Samarcand, in Central Asia, by rail and steamboat, in eight days and twenty-two hours. It was not very long ago that a European was unable to visit Samarcand at all without incurring great risk of being killed, and until the building of the Trans-Caspian Railroad the best time that could be made between St. Petersburg and Samarcand was one month.

THE New York Legislature met in special session last week, and considered a Prison Labor Bill, which abolishes the competition of the State Prison convicts with honest workmen, by providing that none of the articles made by the convicts shall be sold in the trade markets of the country, and furthermore, that no machinery shall be used in the industries of the prisons, but that the convicts shall be kept employed at hand labor alone.

SUNDSVALL, Ume and Lilla-Edet, three flourishing towns in Sweden, with respectively 15,000, 9,000 and 5,000 inhabitants, have been destroyed by fire. The disasters occurring within forty-eight hours in places hundreds of miles distant from each other aroused suspicions, and led to investigation, which gives strong ground for the belief that the conflagrations are the work of Anarchists. The complete loss is estimated at over \$10,000,000.

THE Edison Phonograph Company, which owns all of Mr. Edison's patents for recording, perpetuating and reproducing articulate speech in the United States and Canada, has been sold to Jesse H. Lippincott, of New York and Pittsburg, for something over one million of dollars. All improvements made by Mr. Edison during the next fifteen years are to come to Mr. Lippincott. By a contract made in March last with the American Graphophone Company of Washington, Mr. Lippincott became sole licensee of that company for a period of fifteen years. The graphophone is the rival of the phonograph.

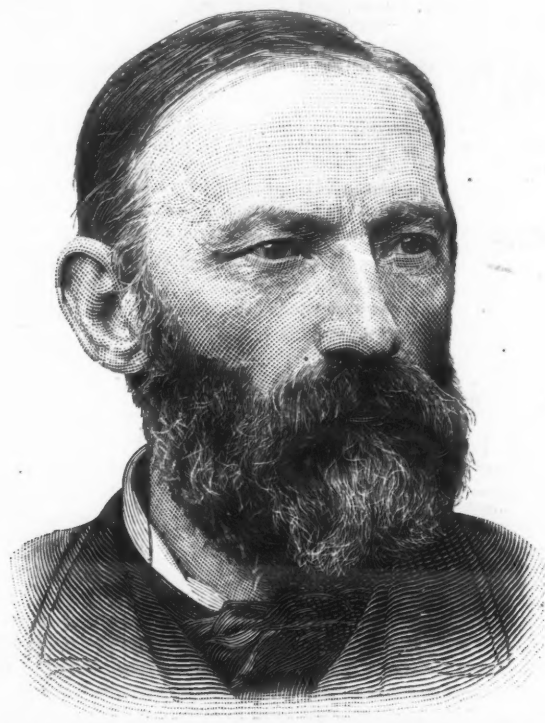
THE evidence against the Brotherhood engineers recently arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad serves to show that they actually contemplated the use of violence against the property of the Company. Dynamite cartridges which they had concealed have been discovered by detectives. Efforts were made last week by Chief Arthur to settle the differences between the Company and the men who are still on strike, and it is said that the Company is prepared, if the strike is declared off, to take back all the Brotherhood men it consistently can who have taken no violent part in the troubles.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE CAPTAIN ROLAND F. COFFIN,
THE VETERAN AQUATIC REPORTER.
SEE PAGE 383.



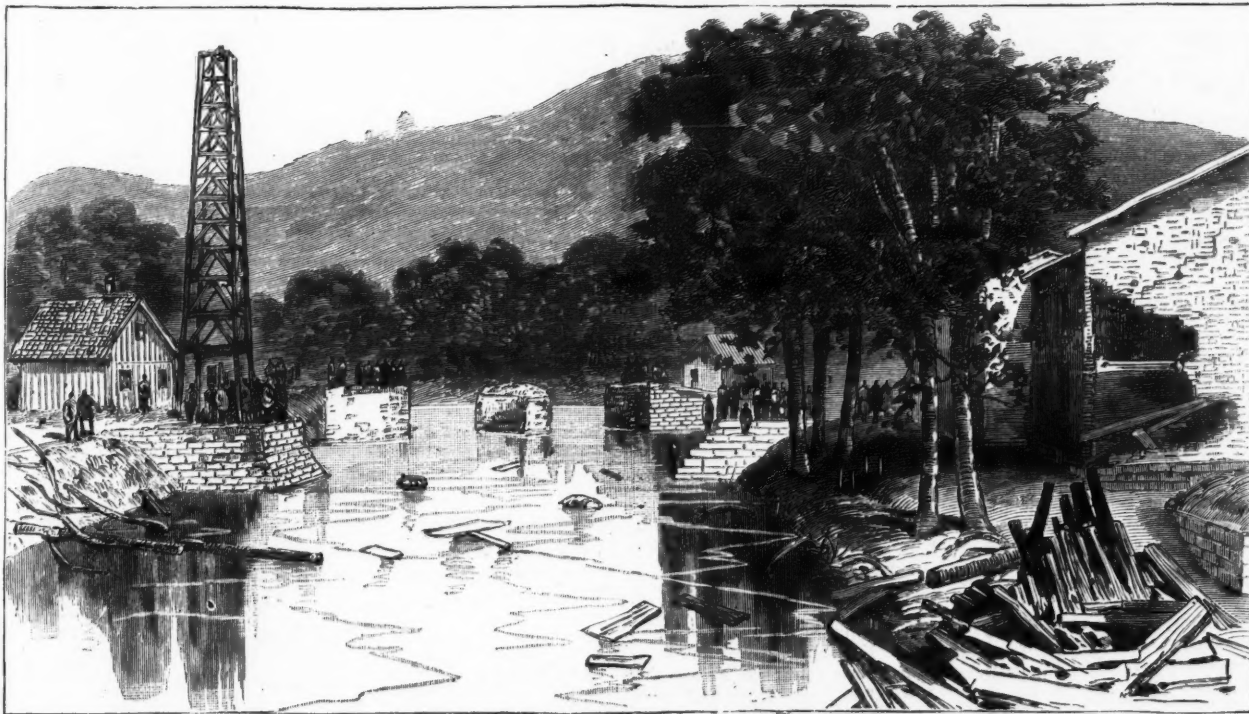
KANSAS.—HON. JOHN MARTIN, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTO. BY MARTIN.—SEE PAGE 383.



IOWA.—HON. JOHN H. KEATLEY, UNITED STATES JUDGE OF
TERRITORIAL AND ADMIRALTY COURTS FOR ALASKA.
PHOTO. BY LA ROCHE & CO.

THE FLOOD IN THE MONONGAHELA.

WE give on this page a vivid illustration of the effects, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, of the flood of the 10th instant in the Monongahela River. The rise in the river at that point was unprecedented. Nearly all the western part of the city was submerged, the waters rising to the second stories of the houses. Two bridges in the town were swept away, others were badly damaged, and a woolen mill and some twenty-five houses were carried off, rendering many families homeless. Within a radius of but little over a mile of Clarksburg nine bridges, including one railroad bridge and two iron ones, were carried away. The destruction of crops is very great. This flood is the greatest calamity by far that the county (Harrison) has ever suffered, the loss amounting to at least \$300,000.



WEST VIRGINIA.—THE DISASTROUS FLOOD OF JULY 10TH IN THE MONONGAHELA RIVER—VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF
ELK CREEK AND WEST FORK OF THE MONONGAHELA, AT CLARKSBURG.
FROM A SKETCH BY B. HAYMOND.

HON. JOHN H. KEATLEY, U. S. JUDGE FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

THE President has nominated to the Senate the Hon. John H. Keatley, of Iowa, to the important position (a life one) of United States Judge of the Territorial and Admiralty Courts of the District of Alaska. This is a highly important district, in view of the fact that cases have arisen between Russian and United States citizens of an international character, and will now come in review before the court for adjudication. Colonel Keatley, the new Judge, was born near Bellefonte, Pa., in 1838, and received such an education as was given in the common schools in country districts in those days. When quite a boy he went into a newspaper office, and in 1860 was admitted to the Bar as a student in the office of ex-Governor Curtin. He went from Blair County into the

A GENTLE BREEZE



A BRISK WIND



STRONGER



HALF A GALE



A TEMPEST



WRECKS

A POLITICAL STORM ILLUSTRATED.



AFTER THE STORM

military service, and served in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers until the close of the War of the Rebellion. From the date of the surrender of Lee until the Fall of 1865, he was engaged in organizing and holding the courts in the City of Norfolk and the five southwestern counties in Virginia. He was twice elected District Attorney in Pennsylvania after the war, and then emigrated to Western Iowa, and became a resident of Council Bluffs in 1868. From 1868 to 1887 he was engaged in journalism and the active practice of the law. In 1872 he left the Republican party, and in the Greeley campaign was Chairman of the Liberal Republican State Committee. In 1876 he was elected Mayor of Council Bluffs, and in 1877 was defeated for Representative in the Legislature by only four votes. He was the Democratic candidate for Congress in 1878. In 1885 he was elected to

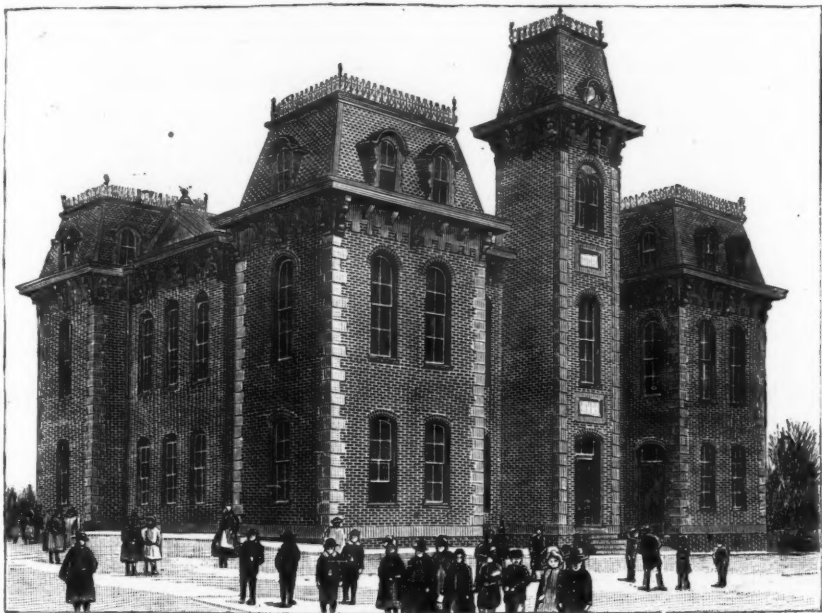
tives to conduct the impeachment of State Auditor Brown before the State Senate, and made the opening argument on the part of the managers. In August, 1887, he was appointed Chief of the Law and Miscellaneous Division in the Second Comptroller's Office, by the Secretary of the Treasury, and served in that position until the place of United States Judge of Alaska was tendered him, which was a surprise to him, since he had not been an applicant for the important appointment.

PARIS, TEXAS.

A GROWING CITY OF THE LONE STAR STATE.

PARIS, TEX., June 30th, 1888.

NOT even an extended tour over Texas is necessary to render an observing person an enthusiast in its praise. This is the first city in the



A SCHOOL-BUILDING.

the Iowa Legislature by a majority of 1,241; and in 1886 was again the candidate of his party for Congress, and defeated. In 1886 he was one of the managers on the part of the House of Representa-

State at which I made a halt, and the favorable opinion formed during my first visit is more than confirmed upon this my second. I have been to Denison, Sherman, Fort Worth, Dallas, Austin and



THE COURT-HOUSE.

Waco, and now I am here again on my journey northward. The more I see of Paris, the more pleased I am. It is a city that grows upon you. Its pleasant location, its business aspects, its activity and evident prosperity are very apparent. Indeed, from the crowded condition of the sidewalks filled with country customers and the jam of wagons on the Public Square, one might imagine himself in some busy, hustling Northern city where nothing is thought of but trade and commerce. It is not too much to say that Paris stands next to Fort Worth and Dallas among the northern cities of Texas in commercial importance, and if it only had well-paved streets, it would be one of the handsomest to be found in the entire South, far

surpassing Denison or Sherman. But it will come to that in a year or two, when some other needed improvements shall have been made. I never met a community more enterprising or pushing, or one more thoroughly determined to make something out of its position. I was received in the most kindly manner, and several of the leading citizens resolved themselves into a committee to show me about.

This is purely an agricultural country hereabouts, and Paris is not attempting to make anything else out of it. This is in Lamar County, one of the most populous and wealthy in the entire State; and it is from 400 to 500 feet above the level of the sea, which, they say, is a surety



MARKET-DAY—SCENE ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

TEXAS.—VIEWS IN PARIS, ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE CITIES OF THE LONE STAR STATE.
FROM PHOTOS.

against malaria and kindred diseases. The soil is said to be exceptionally rich and very productive, and grows cotton, corn, etc., in the greatest abundance. There is also timber, both for fuel and manufacturing purposes, sufficient for all time to come, made up of all the oaks as well as hickory, elm, ash, hackberry, mulberry, sweet-gum, cottonwood, black and white walnut, pine, cedar, and, in fact, every species of timber valuable for manufacturing purposes. They claim, by-the-way, that there could be no better location anywhere in the United States for the manufacturing of vehicles, ax and broom handles, and all other kinds of woodwork, as the material is so cheap and the supply so plentiful. There is a tree here called the bois-d'arc, which, it is claimed, makes the strongest wagons ever constructed, and is so hard that it stands next to granite for paving purposes. The county is large, and contains something like 1,000 square miles, or 630,000 acres of land. It is almost as large as Rhode Island, and if it were populated in the same proportion as is Massachusetts, it would contain a population of 230,000 instead of 50,000. Of the 630,000 acres of farming lands it contains, at least 600,000 of them are as rich and productive as any in the State. Still, notwithstanding the richness of the soil and all the advantageous conditions existing, only about one-third of all this land is under cultivation. There were 90,000 acres planted in cotton last year; 45,000, in corn; 14,000, in oats; 9,000, in wheat; and 7,000, in other grains. The production of cotton last year was 46,000 bales; of corn, 1,260 bushels; of oats, 490,000 bushels; and of wheat, 140,000 bushels. Considering that 1887 was the "drouth year," this is a good record—that is, compared with other sections—for Lamar can, in a good season, produce 140,000 bales of cotton. The only reason that but one-third of the tillable lands are under cultivation is that there is not a sufficiency of people in the county to cultivate them; and that is what Lamar County wants; that is what it is asking for. It sends greeting to the farmers of the North who desire to make a change to come and take up their abode with them; to seek these bright skies and healthful regions, and erect within their borders their family residences. All who come will be received with open arms, and made to feel that they are among brothers and friends and lovers of a common country. And this is the kind of a country that has made Paris grow so rapidly and fills it so full of promise for the future. Are the people of the North in search of "opportunities"? Are they looking for "openings"? Then let them come here and see for themselves the wonders of this marvelous land.

Here is a beautiful little city, with a population bordering on 14,000, growing so fast that its own inhabitants scarcely understand why it is so. The once vacant lots are being covered with substantial business blocks and beautiful residences; mills and factories are rising up as if they grew from the earth; improvements at once substantial and important are being perfected; railroads have come in, and others promise to enter; business is extending on every hand; new churches and schoolhouses keep pace with other improvements; banking capital is being greatly increased, and all the concomitants of a busy, thriving, prosperous city are everywhere apparent.

There is much stress laid upon the peculiar population of Paris and Lamar County, in that it is so decent, so orderly, and so law-abiding. There is but little of the rough element found in some Southern cities. They pride themselves on being rather "select" in respect to citizenship, and feel that there is no one to molest or make them afraid; and it is because of the high character of the people generally that the churches and schools are so abundant and so flourishing.

But, notwithstanding Paris is, to our mind, dependent upon its agricultural advantages, still there are some of its citizens who can see in the future, dimly, perhaps, a development of great industrial enterprises in their midst. These may come in their time, and, doubtless will, but not in the near present, and it appears visionary to us to look for much in that direction during the coming ten years. It is cotton that has made this city what it is, and it will be cotton and corn and fruit, and agriculture generally, that will cause it to expand into a city of 25,000 population during the next decade. That Paris possesses special advantages for some lines of industries there can be no question. It is near coal fields, timber lands, iron ore of first-class quality, and possesses abundant water, so that the fuel as well as the material for manufacturing purposes are available at small cost. And then transportation facilities are excellent and promise to be better. These are the advantages in an industrial way, and are not surpassed by any city of like population in the State; but the time for pressing these truths upon the people of the North has not yet arrived, and they will not now be seriously considered by it. The great necessity, the great want of Texas, is an influx of 2,000,000 people from the North to come here and open up its farming districts; to cultivate its soil; to develop untold millions of wealth from the bosom of the earth, and by that means contribute to the public good. That is the true sphere and mission of Texas. Let its lands be cleared first. Let these hills and valleys and plains blossom with the roses of agriculture, and it will then be time enough to think of the anvil, the forge and the bench. Indeed, these will come logically from the former. The sun never shed its light upon fairer or richer fields than those that abound here on every hand; and the plow never turned the sod upon a soil more productive than this. Then why waste precious time in seeking to establish alien conditions, since cotton is the king that rules this mighty empire?

JOHN H. PATTERSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

THE International Challenge Cup now offered by the American Yacht Club to the steam-yachts of the world is a trophy of great intrinsic value and rare artistic excellence. It is the work of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., to whom its construction was awarded after a protracted competition. It is entirely of silver, stands three feet nine inches in height, and weighs upwards of 1,000 ounces. Its design is altogether original, and in its broad sense suggests steam, speed and victory upon the sea. At the base are represented fire and water, typified by figures representing Pluto and Neptune, who with hands clasped unite in producing steam, which is seen rising from the lower part of the body of the piece. Around the centre are etched a number of typical steam-yachts in racing form. Below them, in bold relief, is a border composed of shields, upon which will be worked from time to time inscriptions commemorative of the races by which the possession of the prize is to be determined. The handles, decorated with seaweed and

other plants of the water, appear to be growing up the sides of the vase, and turning gracefully towards the neck, they terminate with the young and pleasing heads which represent the children of Æolus. The vase springs from a bold, shell-like base upon which is represented the ocean, among whose waves are seen in idealized form a propeller and other devices especially appropriate to steam-yachts. It is surmounted by a beautiful female figure which holds in one hand a shield bearing the wheel and flag which form a distinguishing device of the American Yacht Club, and in the other, the laurel wreath of victory. The cup is to be maintained as a perpetual challenge cup for the steam-yachts of all nations. The conditions under which it is to be sailed for will be similar in principle to those which govern the contests for the famous America's Cup, with such modifications as the necessities of steam-yachting may require. The utility of steam-yachting, though formerly questioned, has been fully demonstrated at the annual regattas of the American Yacht Club by a succession of races under conditions so widely varying as to embrace every class of steam pleasure-vessels, from the open launch to the ocean-going steamship, and it is confidently anticipated that this superb work of art will in due time become as much coveted a trophy as any known to the yachting world.

GROWTH OF THE POSTAL SERVICE.

The Washington Star says: "It is estimated at the Post-office Department that the deficiency in the revenues of the postal service of the fiscal year just closed will be about \$4,000,000. Last year the deficiency was something over \$5,500,000. Owing to the cheap rates of postage, especially for newspapers, the bulk of mail matter has increased at such a rate that the cost of the service has grown immensely. The force of employees, especially in the large offices, is taxed to handle the quantity of matter that daily comes pouring in. In some instances the newspapers are not sent to the post-office at all, but are weighed and stamped at the office of publication by some one authorized to do the work, and the bags are sent directly to the railroad depots. If this were not done, it is stated that some of the large post-offices would be overwhelmed, and that it would be impossible to handle all the matter with any dispatch or accuracy. It is thought by the post-office officials that the statistics for the year just ended will show a large increase in the number of letters mailed. At present England is the greatest letter-writing nation in the world. The annual ratio of increase in this class of mail matter is much greater in this country than in England, and if the present rate continues, in a few years the United States will stand at the head as writing more letters per capita than any other nation. The bulk of mail matter, or the number of pieces handled by the United States Postal Service, is now greater than any other country, but this is mainly due to the extensive circulation of the newspapers."

REV. E. P. ROE, the well-known clergyman and story-writer, died suddenly at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson on the 20th inst.

REDUCED RATES TO THE CINCINNATI CENTENNIAL

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE Centennial Celebration of the Ohio Valley is being held at Cincinnati in the shape of a grand industrial, mechanical and art exposition. It is one of the most extensive local events of the kind ever held in this country, and is well worth a visit from every one who feels an interest in the development of his country.

For the benefit of visitors, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on Thursday, July 19th, and each successive Thursday thereafter until and including August 30th, sell excursion tickets from all principal stations to Cincinnati at the rate of one and a third limited fare for the round trip. The tickets will be good going only on date of issue by any regular train except New York and Chicago Limited, and to return within fifteen days from date of issue. In order to validate them for the return passage the signature of the agent at Cincinnati will be required.

FUN.

"JAMES, I want some money to buy a new bustle." "Oh, bother! I'm short. There's an empty bird-cage in the attic."

THE squaws of the Cheyenne tribe in Nebraska are yielding to the frivolities of fashion. They now insist on wear a bonnet and a picturesque grain-bag.

"WHAT to do with convicts" is a puzzling question for Legislatures. The effete monarchies of Europe have answered the question satisfactorily—to themselves. They ship the convicts to America.—Boston Transcript.

A GRAND EXPOSITION

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

At Cincinnati, beginning on the Fourth of July, and to continue one hundred days and nights, there is now in progress the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States—a jubilee commemorating the advancement made in wealth, prosperity and the arts and sciences during the past 100 years, since the great Northwest Territory was settled by the white men. This monster celebration is being held in mammoth buildings, under one continuous roof covering forty-three acres of space, with exhibiting space of nearly one million square feet. Among the attractions will be found displays of the products of a dozen States that are officially connected with the enterprise; an art collection of unrivaled worth and excellence, culled from the private galleries of art-connoisseurs from every section of the country, and whose intrinsic value is over one million dollars; a magnificent exhibit made by the General Government, embracing the best portions of the Smithsonian Institute and Fish Commission collections; an electrical display of unexampled brilliancy and elegance; a machinery department covering acres of ground; a pioneer, horticultural and agricultural display never before equalled; an entertainment programme including spectacular, operatic and theatrical performances on the largest stage in the world by the best artists of both hemispheres, and thousands of minor attractions of the highest order of merit. All this can be enjoyed for one price of admission. The railroads have all put their fares at low excursion rates, and in consequence the attendance will represent every section of the land. It is the greatest show on earth.

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

\$30,000 FOR \$2.

THAT IS WHAT A LUCKY NEW YORKER WHO INVESTED IN THE LOTTERY WON IN LAST MONTH'S DRAWING.

FORTUNE smiles upon some people, and they cannot refrain from sharing it with their friends. Their exuberance over being favored with the smiles of the fickle goddess is so great, that they regard it as too good a thing to bottle up in their own bosoms, and forthwith spread the glad tidings among all they know. Other people still are of so secretive a nature that they must needs hide their light under a bushel and in secret bask in Fortune's smiles.

Such a person is the lucky holder of one-tenth of ticket No. 90,443, that drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the June drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, which entitled him to a cool \$30,000, with which he is now undoubtedly having a good time. Lest his good fortune should be noised abroad, he entrusted his ticket for collection to Messrs. Purdy & Nicholas, the well-known wine merchants of 43 Beaver Street. When a reporter asked Mr. Nicholas about the matter, he laughed and said: "The money has been collected through the Adams Express Company and handed over to the lucky holder of the winning ticket, who, by-the-way, is in no way connected with our firm. He is a friend who wanted to avoid publicity, and so had us collect the money for him. I am not at liberty to mention his name, as I know it would be contrary to his wishes. Of one thing, however, I can assure you: the money was received all right and handed over to the fortunate winner, who realized so handsome a return upon his investment of \$2."—New York Daily News, July 17th.

MISS MARLBORO—"I had such a misfortune today, professor! My parrot escaped, and I haven't seen it since." Professor (of mathematics)—"Indeed? How sad! And yet, do you know, Miss Marlboro, your affliction could be beautifully diagramed." Miss Marlboro—"Ah, professor—yes; it's a polygone."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

VAGRANT—"I have no father or mother, nor any relations at all, to care for me." Philanthropist—"Poor man! are they all dead?" "No; they got rich."—Texas Siftings.

THE superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

POLICEMAN (to citizen clinging to lamp-post)—"My friend, you'll have to move on." Citizen—"Move (hic) on! Grra-gracious, ofshur, I'm (hic) makin' fifty milsh 'n hour now."

USE ANGIOTON BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

\$500 OFFERED
for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant LITTLE Purgative Pills. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely Vegetable & Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

PIMPLES
BLACKHEADS, RED, ROUGH AND OILY SKIN prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers, the CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequaled for the Toilet, Bath, and Nursery, and without a rival as an Infantile Skin Soap. Produces the loveliest, whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective. Sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U.S.A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

SMALL WOOD TURNINGS. Wonderfully Cheap. AUTOMATIC LATHE. Write for prices. M. GARRISON, 200 & 202 Clinton St., Chicago.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

SUMMER READING.

Mrs. Wister's Latest Translation.

PICKED UP IN THE STREETS.

A Romance from the German of H. SCHOBERT. 12mo. Extra cloth. \$1.25.

"A thrilling story of Paris and Germany, with mingled war and woo of plot and counterplot. The court-life at a pretty German principality is admirably depicted; not less so the courtiers and princelings, and the strong, luminous figure of the heroine."—N. Y. Critic.

"Mrs. Wister is incapable of making a poor translation. In the present instance she has done credit to her literary reputation, as both the novel and her rendering of it are excellent."—Lancaster New Era.

"There are many fine scenes and tender touches in the story."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Another of Mrs. Wister's admirable translations, and altogether a satisfactory romance."—Phila. Press.

"Mrs. Wister's expert hand and adaptive gifts have made this translation an interesting story for a Summer afternoon."—N. Y. Independent.

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

A Novel. 12mo. Extra cloth. \$1.25.

COUNTRY LUCK.

By JOHN HARBERTON. 12mo. Extra cloth. \$1.00.

A SUMMER IN OLD PORT HARBOR.

A Novel. By W. H. METCALF. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

BEHIND THE BLUE RIDGE.

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